



LADY
JANE GREY
AND OTHER
POEMS



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L A D Y J A N E G R E Y ,

A N D

O T H E R P O E M S .

B Y

E L I Z A B E T H R A I N I E R B A I L E Y .

V O L . I I .

L O N D O N :

L O N G M A N , B R O W N , G R E E N , A N D L O N G M A N S .

T E N B Y : R . M A S O N .

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Oh! welcome the sunbeam thro' silver clouds
stealing,
Investing the world with a garment of light,
And quick'ning to rapture each pulse of deep
feeling,
That fills the warm bosom with boundless delight.

Yet while o'er the landscape our roving eyes
wander,
The distance in dark sombre shadow is cast,
And then the rapt spirit will silently ponder
On things it perceives are too lovely to last.

In life's glowing sunshine we seldom remember,
(When nature's sweet aspect wears nothing but
joy,)

That we must encounter its chilling December,
Which quickly will all our fair flow'rets destroy.

Yet still o'er the landscape some shadows are
steeping,

Each object with softer and mellow hues,
And genial showers are tenderly weeping,
O'er herbage and trees, their ambrosial dews.

So the dark clouds of sorrow will often awaken
The long conceal'd treasures of virtue and worth,
Whose truth and whose firmness refuse to be
shaken,
Tho' adversity's tempest may darken the earth.

When the shadows of evening around us are falling,
And once playful breezes scarce yield a soft
breath,
Oh! nature's fair mysteries seem then recalling,
That peace which can lighten the shadow of
death.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

There's pleasure in a country life,
 Howe'er remote the scene,
 Nought of the world's tumultuous strife
 With peace can intervene ;
 And nature's varied charms combin'd,
 Expand and elevate the mind.

Oh ! love and calm contentment reign
 In many a lonely spot,
 Where those unknown to rank or fame
 Live by the world forgot ;
 They've health, and garners teeming with a rich and
 plenteous store,
 They've kind and grateful feelings, and wish for
 nothing more.

The verdant woods invite our feet
 O'er mossy paths to stray,
 And all is lovely that we meet,
 Along our flowery way ;

The arching boughs above our heads some semblance seem to bear,
 To a temple vast, where ev'ry breeze attests God's presence there.

How sweet to hear the lark arise
 At morning's dawning hour,
 And thus our waking thoughts should rise
 To that o'erruling power,
 Who watches o'er His creatures with a parent's tender care,
 And hears the whisper'd accents of the heart's deep earnest prayer.

And listen ! 'tis the Sabbath bell,
 From yonder village spire,
 Borne on the breeze with graceful swell,
 Our feelings to inspire ;
 With praise and adoration our heaving bosoms swell,
 We'll seek the habitation where God vouchsafes to dwell.

ON THE VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURES.

I would not wander ever
 On pleasure's painted wing,
 Her gaudy pinions never
 True happiness can bring ;
 O'er fancy's airy regions we hover without fear,
 And many a lovely fabric 'tis our delight to rear.

But oh ! how soon they perish ;
 The things we so much prize,
 And far too fondly cherish,
 Soon fade before our eyes ;
 We fain would clasp the shadows of what appear'd
 so fair,
 But find the lovely visions have melted into air.

The world has its delusions
 For erring mortal sight,
 We form unjust conclusions
 Of true and pure delight ;

The glitter and the pomp of the pageant only see,
 Nor deem beneath such trappings there oft lurks
 misery.

Experience only traces
 True pleasure to its source,
 But time too oft effaces
 What wisdom would enforce ;
 And we must learn our lesson, again and yet again,
 Before our wayward senses will all her truths retain.

All rational enjoyment
 Springs from a heart at ease,
 Our minds should seek employment,
 And study how to please ;
 While streams of generous sympathy should never
 cease to flow,
 In joy as well as sorrow, for all mankind below.

To balance all our feelings
 With justice and with truth,
 To check aspiring dreamings
 Which tempt our hearts in youth,
 Will take from worldly pleasure its well assum'd
 disguise,
 And show the path of duty more plainly to our
 eyes.

ON THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

How perfect is the harmony
Creating power displays,
When o'er the boundless universe
We fix our mental gaze ;

'Tis shrouded all in mystery,
Most deep, profound, sublime,
Yet rays of love and mercy
O'er the beauteous fabric shine.

The loftiest human intellect
In shadow still surveys,
The wisdom of those mighty laws
The universe obeys.

From star to star it travels
In search of mystic lore,
But finds each thing it meets with,
More wond'rous than before.

Or, if the mind descending,
Views the earth on which we tread,

The beauty and the grandeur,
 O'er all its surface spread ;

What thoughts of adoration
 Pervade the thinking soul,
 To that great and glorious being
 Who form'd and guides the whole ;

The lofty mountain ranges
 Whose summits cleave the sky,
 Too massive and stupendous
 For mortal scrutiny ;

The wide expanding ocean
 Whose foaming billows roar,
 And strike with wildest music
 On many a distant shore ;

The monarch of the forest
 In India's fervid clime,
 Whose verdant leaves for ages
 In primal beauty shine :

All these appear immortal
 To the wondering eye of man,

Whose limited existence
Seems but a little span.

Or, if by light of science
Minuter things we view,
What myriad living creatures
Astound our vision too.

A single drop of water
Or but a grain of sand,
Display the vast perfections
Of the creating hand.

Then let us bend and worship
At nature's hallow'd shrine,
For everything around us
Attests a power divine.

These deep and hidden mysteries,
To mortal vision seal'd,
Shall all by sovereign mercy
Hereafter be reveal'd.

TO EMMA.

Dear Emma, thou hast ever been
The sister of my heart ;
No cloud o'ershadowing the scene,
Our sympathies could part,
The beacon of thy friendship's light
Illumin'd sorrow's darkest night.

In childhood I remember well
Thy kindness and thy truth,
It acted like a charmed spell
Around my path in youth ;
And ev'ry year that circles by
Does but cement that holy tie.

How oft in thought I turn to thee
And find refreshment there,
For then my spirit seems to be
Inhaling native air ;
And oh ! I could for ever roam
In that lov'd spot thou callest home.

The stately cedars spreading o'er
The dewy grass below,
Before that hospitable door
In all their freshness grow ;
And flowers of varied scent and hue
Attract my mental vision too.

The grove of pine trees dark and high
Just trembling in the gale,
Do oft appear in memory
And perfume still exhale ;
Again I tread the turf beneath,
And hold with thee communion sweet.

Blest spot ! may friendship long repose
Amid thy peaceful shades,
More lovely than the budding rose
Or deep embow'ring glades ;
And often thus refresh my sight
With scenes of true and pure delight.

RETROSPECTION.

Like the soft tints of day's declining beam,
O'er the sweet landscape, lovely and serene,
Seem vanish'd joys, as one by one they pass
Before fond memory's prismatic glass.
That distant landscape, so divinely calm,
Diffuses o'er the mind a healing balm ;
So time and absence shed a tenderer hue
O'er things beloved, yet hidden from our view.
'Tis like the sweet enchantment of a dream
Where nought but peace and calm content are seen ;
No jarring feelings enter to destroy
Those deep sensations of extatic joy ;
The heart, with lively pleasure throbs again,
Without a touch of sorrow or of pain,
As they whom friendship ever holds most dear
Like cherished visions to our minds appear,
And exercise again their lov'd control,
Within the deep recesses of the soul.
Arrayed in worth and dignity they stand,
And the just homage of the mind demand.
As once again they hover near to bless,
And cheer our spirits in their loneliness.

THE BATTLE OF RAMNUGGER,

Fought on the 22nd of November, 1848, on the banks of the river Chenaub, in which fell General Cureton, Colonel Havelock, and other brave officers.

In silence moved an armed host,
 Ere the early dawn was breaking,
 Obedient to their chief's command
 Their post of duty taking ;
 No bugle sounds in the camp were heard,
 On that dark portentous morning,
 Or well-known beat of stirring drums
 Gave martial spirits warning.
 It needed not the bugle note,
 Britannia's warriors to inspire,
 For lofty courage deck'd each brow,
 And shone from every glance of fire,
 While plainly spoke each gleaming eye
 Their watchword, "Death or Victory!"

The mists of morning clear'd away,
 Disclosing our unyielding foe,

In all their gorgeous panoply
 The hostile chiefs pranced to and fro,
 And like an adamant rock
 Those serried ranks together stand,
 Determin'd bravely to defend
 The freedom of their native land.
 Darkly the river rolls between,
 And firmly stands each bristling gun :
 While with a short and rapid tread
 On the opposing squadrons come;
 Then quick and sharp as thunder rain,
 The round shot whistled o'er the plain.

A moment's pause—then sword in hand
 Our brave dragoons together dash,
 The horses and their riders plunge
 Into the stream with awful splash,
 Unmindful of the cannon's roar,
 They grapple with the deadly foe,
 And soon the tide of human life
 Darkens the river's placid flow.
 'Twas bravery—but 'twas madness still,
 They fell beneath that murd'rous fire,
 And scarcely seemed to hear the word
 Which gallant Cureton gave,—“ Retire.”

'Twas destin'd as the last command
 That issued from that glorious man,
 He fell, amid the gallant ranks
 With whom his early life began —
 With whom he earn'd that deathless fame
 That now enwreaths his honour'd name.

THOUGHTS

*Occasioned by visiting Llanhadden Castle, Pem-
 brokeshire.*

What silence reigns within these ruin'd walls,
 Home of proud Cambria's long forgotten kings,
 Chivalric memories it still recalls,
 And tunes our thoughts to high imaginings

And where are they who held such lordly state
 Within these tow'rs so eloquently grey?
 Forsaken now, and render'd desolate,
 Their pomp and pageantry have pass'd away

Yet still we love the memory of an age,
Replete with glory, and heroic strife,
Resplendent glows the bright historic page,
And forms of strength and beauty spring to life.

Yes, still they live, who burst th' oppressor's chain,
Rescued the innocent from guiltless death—
Eternity shall sound their trump of fame,
When Time has sigh'd his last expiring breath.

The setting sun now gilds this ruin'd pile,
Bright'ning the ivy's everlasting green—
It seems as tho' the brow of age could smile,
With mournful aspect, and impressive mien ;

And, while we linger on this lovely spot,
The voice of truth and nature seems to say,
“ Fix your high hopes on things that perish not,
On habitations that will ne'er decay.”

PEACE.

Heav'nly visitant, I feel
Thy sweet influence o'er me steal;
Tranquil grows my aching breast,
Ev'ry care is hushed to rest;
With me ever, oh! abide,
O'er my wayward heart preside;
Soothe me with thy gentle power,
In temptation's stormy hour;
When tumultuous thoughts rebel,
Oh! restrain and guard them well;
Keep me from the dang'rous strife,
That assails this mortal life;
In the solemn house of prayer,
Be my guardian angel there;
Waft my spirit on thy wings
To unseen, immortal things,
And from this vain world's control,
Heav'nly peace, preserve my soul!

THE CAPTIVE.

A captive—what dejection sits
 Upon that pale and melancholy brow,
 Once lighten'd o'er with beams of happiness,
 But wrapt in sorrow, and in sadness now.
 How deeply veil'd beneath its silken shade,
 Is the soft language of her speaking eye,
 That once o'erflow'd with love and tenderness,
 Now drooping 'neath a hopeless destiny.
 Unhappy maiden ! do thy thoughts survey
 The land of freedom where thy footsteps stray'd
 With bounding lightness o'er the breezy hills,
 Ere into ruthless hands thou wert betray'd ?
 Well may dejection mark thy outward mien,
 With such a blight upon thy early years ;
 Thy fettered spirit scarce can find relief,
 In the sad luxury of streaming tears.
 Yes, thou art lonely—like a flow'ret torn
 From the green verdure of its native soil,
 To bloom and wither in a land unknown,
 The choicest treasure of the victor's spoil.

THE MORNING, NOON AND EVENING
OF LIFE.

The morn of life is fair and bright
As spring's sweet early flowers,
And childhood's griefs are just as light
As April's sunny showers ;
As transient too, as morning dew,
Impressions are of sorrow,
For objects ever fresh and new,
Beguile the heart to-morrow.

Existence has its sultry noon,
'Neath passion's fervid power,
Too often fades the lovely bloom
Of many an opening flower ;
But safe beneath the shelt'ring shade,
Some verdant blossoms shine,
In modest beauty still array'd,
Refresh'd with dews divine.

Life's evening is serenely calm,
A peaceful soft repose

Steals o'er the heart with healing balm,
To tranquillize its woes ;
And fainter to our mortal sight,
Seem fading earthly things,
While to the realms of endless light,
We mount on seraph's wings.

THE TRIALS OF THE HEART.

The heart has its own trials,
Conceal'd from every eye,
Its secret, lonely anguish
Is oft a mystery ;
To friends sincere and faithful
We can some griefs impart,
But far too deep for language
Are the trials of the heart.

Some are inur'd to sorrow
In the morning of their days,
And early learn a lesson
From the world's deceitful ways,

They speedily discover
The mask which oft conceals,
Beneath the guise of friendship
The hollowness it feels.

The heart is like an instrument
Upon whose tuneful chords,
There ever breathes a sympathy
Too exquisite for words ;
The touch of fond affection
Its melodies awake,
But left too long neglected
Each slender string will break

The pain of separation
To hearts together twin'd,
Without its sad experience,
Can never be divin'd ;
A sorrow deep and poignant,
Reverb'rates through the frame,
When fate too truly tells us,
We cannot meet again.

Oh ! when the fell destroyer
Dissolves each earthly tie,

The heart knows its own bitterness
And speechless agony ;
Yet from the mourning bosom
Do prayers, like incense, rise,
For a happy blest reunion
In the world beyond the skies.

The heart has its own trials,
And struggles to retain
Its truth and inward purity
Unsullied by a stain ;
That it may prove hereafter
A fitting, worthy shrine,
Where the Holy Spirit's presence
Eternally may shine.

ON ST. MARY'S CHURCH, REDCLIFFE.

*The favorite resort of the Poet Chatterton, in
which a Monument is erected to his Memory.*

Hail ! noble fabric of departed days,
Thy walls still echo with the voice of praise,
Still, as in ancient, unforgotten times,
Is heard the glorious music of thy chimes,
Their sound is magical upon the ear,
Swelling in tones harmoniously clear,
Their notes the same, as when the minstrel boy
Heard their deep voices, with unfeigned joy,
When wrapt in contemplation's lonely mood,
In these fair aisles, he courted solitude,
And here, the whisperings of a genius high,
Breath'd first of fame and immortality.
Ye lofty pillars, with light tracery crown'd,
Casting a softened splendour all around,
On you did Chatterton oft fix his gaze,
A fitting theme for his harmonious lays ;
Here, lost in thought, how quickly fled the hours
Unfolding early his poetic powers,

Of which mementos bright do still remain,
 Our warmest praise and sympathy to claim ;
 And yet he perish'd in despairing woe,
 Without a friend or comforter below ;
 Crushed by remorseless poverty and pride,
 He lived neglected, then in misery died !
 His faults were many, yet the pitying eye
 Looks thro' the veil of Christian charity
 On youth and inexperience, with no friend,
 The wholesome guidance of advice to lend.
 The world proved faithless in his hour of need,
 And drove to madness—and the fearful deed
 Of self-destruction—blank despair
 His soaring nature could no longer bear.
 Brief his career—most terrible his doom,
 Yet Fame's bright laurels now adorn his tomb ;
 Those glorious numbers of undying song,
 Preserve the memory of Chatterton !
 Yet does that humble, most neglected name,
 Cast on our country an eternal shame ;
 England, the friend of genius, thus to see
 Her gifted son expire in poverty,
 Without the arm of succour stretch'd to save
 From abject misery, and an early grave,
 Is a disgrace that ever must remain
 The lofty annals of our land to stain.

But were all memory of the poet fled,
 St. Mary's lifts her venerable head,—
 That wond'rous roof, and richly fretted aisle,
 Do still the curious traveller beguile,
 And blending with their glory comes the name
 Of him who slumbers in eternal fame.

LINES

Occasioned by the death of Lieutenant B. M. Hutchinson, in the 21st year of his age, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Googerat, in which he greatly distinguished himself, and won the respect and admiration of all, by his private virtues. He was interred on the banks of the Chenaub, near his gallant companions in arms, the commander-in-chief and his staff attending to testify their sorrow at his untimely death.

Slowly beats the muffled drum,
 'Tis the soldier's funeral knell,
 See his gallant comrades come
 Following him they lov'd so well;

Near the fatal battle ground,
 Where repose the true and brave,
 Is the spot, of all around,
 Chosen for his early grave.

Gallant veterans and friends
 Pay a last sad tribute here,
 Many a fervent prayer ascends,
 For him who rests on glory's bier.
 Tranquilly his spirit pass'd
 From each once lov'd scene below,
 Peace was with him to the last,
 Such as only angels know.

E'en as the brilliant star of eve
 Is quench'd before the early dawn,
 His spirit fled, for whom we grieve,
 And in our inmost bosoms mourn.
 Thy mother ! who shall speak her woe,
 Bereft of her heart's joy and pride ?
 The hand of death has dealt the blow,
 But cannot ever more divide.

The sunshine of thy radiant smile,
 On earth, she never more may see,
 Yet her sad spirit 'twill beguile,
 And live again in memory.

How many toil for worldly fame,
Thro' the appointed race of man,
Yet such it was thy lot to gain
Almost before that race began.

Perchance around thy dying bed,
Bright visions of affection rose,
To scatter blessings o'er thy head,
And soothe thee into calm repose.
Thy short existence seem'd to be
The light of virtue, wisely given,
That we might still more clearly see
The path that guided thee to heaven.

IRELAND IN 1849.

Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage,
 How hast thou fallen from thy high estate,
 Within thy bosom fierce contentions rage,
 Thy altars and thy homes are desolate.
 Unhappy country ! wherefore should'st thou be
 Plung'd into sorrow, darkness, and despair,
 What is the source of all thy misery,
 For thy sweet valleys are surpassing fair ?
 Where is the husbandman to till the soil,
 And tend with care the rich and fertile ground,
 Which would most amply recompense his toil,
 And bid content and plenty smile around ?

For honest industry we look in vain
 Amid the ruinous abodes of man ;
 Deserted now is many a fertile plain,
 And dire destruction has indeed began.
 See ! famine like a spectre walks the land,
 And pestilence, her dread attendant, hovers near,
 While superstition holds a wild command
 O'er trembling thousands, with her look severe.

It seems as tho' an avenging arm were seen
To purge the nation from her heavy guilt,
Where cruelty has darken'd many a scene,
And righteous blood has been so often spilt.

Land of the brave, the noble, and the free,
Throw off the chains of priesthood's crafty guile,
That fain would mask most dire iniquity,
And lure to ruin, with an angel's smile.
Awake! awake! ere yet it be too late,
And all thy pride lay humble in the dust,
Perchance it may avert th' impending fate,
For God is merciful as well as just.
Oh! emulate thy mountains bold and high,
Thy lakes are tranquil—let rebellions cease,
Then hush'd would be the nation's bitter cry,
And thou would'st slumber in the arms of peace.

SUMMER.

“Summer comes !” say happy voices,
“Welcome is thy joyous reign,”
Nature’s lovely face rejoices,
Woods and valleys smile again.

Wandering over fields and flowers,
Come the butterfly and bee,
While within their leafy bowers,
Birds pour forth their melody.

“Summer comes !” and balmy breezes
Echo back the gladsome strain,
Ev’ry object charms and pleases,
That we meet o’er hill and plain.

See the early tints of morning
Bidding lovely buds unfold,
Ev’ry verdant mead adorning,
With bright cups of burnish’d gold.

“Summer comes !” a realm of beauty
Fills our bosoms with delight,

Be it then our sacred duty,
In thanksgiving to unite.

Let us praise the hand that giveth
Such a rich and plenteous store ;
Oh ! let every soul that liveth
Praise His bounty evermore.

TO A FRIEND.

If I could weave thy destiny,
It should be fair and bright,
As tranquil as an azure sky,
In the sun's resplendent light.

The shades of grief should never
Shed darkness o'er thy mind,
Earth's choicest blessings ever
In thy pathway be entwined.

I'd seek a happy home for thee
In nature's lovely bowers,
Where in peaceful calm tranquillity
Would pass the joyous hours.

Where thy heart's warm noble feelings
In unison might blend,
Its richest stores revealing
To some true, faithful friend.

My prayers are ever with thee,
Tho' we may meet no more ;
Oh ! that friendship's glowing sympathy
Could thy lost hopes restore.

Could take the thorn of sorrow,
From thy kind and manly breast,
That happiness might follow,
And thy future life be blest.

THOUGHTS

On the Bright and Beautiful.

I love the bright and beautiful
On earth, and sky, and sea,
From rainbow tinted mountains
To flow'rets o'er the lea ;
The pulses of creation
Wake an echo in my breast,
Give joy to every feeling,
And life its keenest zest.

In nature's lovely solitudes
I feel my spirits rise,
To her sweet smiling aspect
My inmost heart replies ;
I quaff her dewy freshness
As nectar for the mind,
And feel within a rapture
Exalted and refined.

It bids all worldly feelings
 Within my bosom cease,
 For all her balmy breezes
 Appear to whisper peace ;
 I view the verdant pastures,
 Refresh'd with dews from heaven,
 As bounties of a father
 In tender mercy given.

And when the tempest gathers
 As dark as coming night,
 When roars the dreadful thunder,
 And light'ning flashes bright,
 That great and awful Being
 Seems near, and nearer still,
 While all the mute creation
 Bows to his sovereign will.

The ever restless ocean,
 Majestic and sublime,
 Is like most dread eternity,
 Striking the rocks of time :
 Whether in storm or sunshine,
 How beauteous are its waves,
 Awaking hollow murmurs
 In all the sounding caves.

And when the glorious firmament
Is gemm'd with countless stars,
Rolling in perfect harmony
Upon their golden cars,
My spirit feels the influence
Of those celestial rays,
Which tell unthinking mortals,
To worship as they gaze.

MONT BLANC, AND THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD, BY MOONLIGHT.

Stern winter wraps thee—everlasting snow
 Rests on thy pinnacles to heaven uprais'd,
 While loud and deep, the gushing torrents flow,
 Blending in chorus, like the voice of praise.
 'Tis nature's vast cathedral—pointing high
 Each cloud capp'd minaret, and glittering spire,
 That every weary pilgrim passing by
 May pause and worship, wonder and admire.
 Stupendous glaciers! silently ye stand
 Like the tall forms of prophets stern and hoar,
 Watching like guardian spirits o'er the land,
 Clad in white garments, such as angels wore.
 E'en so ye seem, bath'd in this silvery light,
 At nature's peaceful and reposing hour,
 When shadows vast assume dread forms of might,
 To chain the senses with their mystic power.
 And yon majestic ever restless sea
 Of frozen billows may be heard around,
 Like the deep tones of giant minstrelsy,
 Waked from the caverns and the depths profound.

'Tis grand and awful!—every sense
 Yields its mute homage to creation's Lord,
 And humbly bends before Omnipotence,
 Who form'd the mountains with His mighty word.
 'Mid fields of snow, upon St. Bernard's height,
 Behold the convent in calm beauty rise,
 And bursting thus upon the pilgrim's sight,
 Seems like a pitying angel from the skies.
 There, love and charity together dwell,
 In holy compact—far from worldly strife,
 Whose deeds of mercy many a tongue can tell,
 Restored by that kind brotherhood to life.
 E'en to the brute creation there extends,
 A portion of their masters' generous zeal,
 For faithful dogs the traveller befriend,
 Nor biting frost, nor hunger, seem to feel.
 The shiv'ring stranger 'tis their task to guide,
 To that blest haven of serene repose,
 In such mute messengers he may confide,
 And surely find a balm for all his woes.
 Tho' death and dire destruction rage around,
 That refuge lone the howling tempests spare,
 God's blessing rests upon that hallow'd ground,
 We read His everlasting mercy there.

LINES

*Occasioned by the birth of my little nephew,
Frederick Ponsonby Sherbrook, at Merut, on
the 24th of June, 1849.*

May earth her choicest blessings shed,
 Beloved child on thee,
And holy angels guard thy head
 In helpless infancy ;
May smiles for ever chase away
 All traces of the tears,
That sometimes dim the sunny ray
 Of childhood's happy years.
Far, far, across the dark blue sea,
 My thoughts are roaming now,
While fancy bids me picture thee,
 And kiss thy lovely brow.
I see thy father's lively joy,
 Thy mother's fond caress,
While gazing on their infant boy
 With hopeful tenderness.
May reason's gently opening dawn
 Convey increased delight,

To cheer, to solace, and adorn
Thy home with lustre bright ;
And lovely nature ever twine
Thy pathway with her flowers,
While all our fervent pray'rs combine
To fill thy joyous hours.
And thus, oh ! may'st thou learn the truth,
That flowers were early given,
To lead thy thoughts in early youth
To happiness and heaven.

TO MY DEAR MOTHER, ON HER
BIRTHDAY.

Accept the tribute of a heart
That owes so much to thee,
For all a mother's watchful care
In helpless infancy.
What fervent gratitude I feel
For words with wisdom fraught,
Breath'd from thy lips in early youth
To guide my wayward thought.
And oh ! since then, what joys have sprung,
Within my mind, like flowers,
Where fancy oft delights to rove
As in celestial bowers.

Together we have brav'd the tide
Of life's dark stormy sea,
And the first gleam of mental strength
My spirit caught from thee ;
I follow'd where thine eye had gaz'd
In steadfast faith before,
And felt a heavenly confidence
My drooping hopes restore.

Long years, that quickly pass'd away,
Thy tenderness declare ;
In sickness, and in deep distress,
My sufferings did'st thou share.

Together we have sought the spring
Whose essence is divine,
And in devotion bent the knee,
At heaven's eternal shrine.
A daughter's wishes fain would bring
Peace to thy coming years,
God grant that beams of happiness
May banish sorrow's tears.
Oh ! may the evening of thy days,
Be most serenely bright,
Succeeded by a glorious dawn
Of everlasting light.

A TRIBUTE

*To the memory of the late much lamented Queen
Adelaide.*

She's gone to reap a rich reward,
In realms of everlasting bliss,
Her bright example does afford
Light to an erring world like this.
Her memory lives in every heart,
For deeds of goodness never die,
Death found her ready to depart
With calmness and serenity.
And now a nation's grateful tears
In copious streams do freely flow,
Her Christian charity appears
In every dark abode of woe.
'Twas her's to rear the hallow'd fane,
And bid adoring incense rise,
That others, like herself, might gain
An heritage beyond the skies.
E'en to the dreary haunts of sin,
Her angel spirit led the way,

Pouring the balm of comfort in,
 With holy truth's celestial ray.
The widow and the orphan bless,
 With one accord, her cherish'd name,
The praise she sought not, they confess,
 And all her righteous acts proclaim.
They'll live for ever, and will be
 A bright memorial left on earth,
Which ages yet unborn shall see,
 And pay their tribute to her worth.

SLEEP.

Gentle sleep, so softly stealing,
O'er each pulse of human feeling,
Thou dost veil our mortal eyes,
To life's stern realities ;
Childhood in thine arms reposes,
As upon a bed of roses,
And young hearts untouch'd by sorrow,
Dream of happiness to-morrow.
O'er such slumbers calm and deep,
Angels their kind vigils keep,
Innocence so pure and fair,
They do guard with watchful care ;
Thou dost visit many a cot,
Where ambition enters not,
And art welcome as a friend,
Who will strength and vigour lend,
Breathing silence all around
With tranquillity profound.
Mortals oft invoke thy power,
For one short oblivious hour,
Thou dost soothe the mourner's breast
Into sweet unbroken rest,

And a refuge brief from pain,
Suffering virtue does obtain.
Many a guilty brow is burning,
And to thee for solace turning,
Yet thou com'st not, gentle sleep,
Unto eyes that cannot weep,
Even one repentant tear
O'er their sinful follies here ;
Phantoms pass before their sight,
Darker than the gath'ring night,
And their heavy eye-lids seem
Spell-bound by a waking dream.
Slumber seems like living death,
E'en so faintly comes the breath,
Like the fluttering of a bird
Gently is the bosom stirr'd,
And these signs alone proclaim,
Life and being still remain.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE ON THE
MIND.

Oh ! when the heart is lonely,
With care and grief oppress'd,
'Tis lovely nature only,
That soothes it into rest ;
The ear drinks in her melodies,
The mind regains its tone,
We gaze into the tranquil skies,
And feel no more alone.

The power that ruleth all things,
Is with us as we roam,
To Him the hidden secret springs,
Of all our thoughts are known ;
He guides the downy pinions,
Of every bird that flies,
His vast supreme dominion,
Is merciful and wise.

We view it in the matchless grace,
Of many an opening flower,

On every shining leaf we trace,
Unerring skill and power,
The breeze that gently fans our cheek
With soft and balmy sigh,
In whispering accents seems to speak,
That God is ever nigh.

Then in such sure protection,
We'll evermore confide,
Adoring the perfection
Of our never failing guide,
Whose gracious loving-kindness,
Will lead our steps aright,
Dispelling mortal blindness
With beams of heavenly light.

TO ISABELLA,

On her marriage, September 24th, 1848.

And art thou, dearest Isabelle,
A young and happy bride,
My brother's choicest treasure,
More dear than all beside ?
Yes ! in a land far distant,
The holy rites were sped,
And our best and heartfelt blessings,
Descend upon thy head.
And well do I remember,
In girlhood's laughing hours,
When you and I, dear Isabelle,
Sought nature's lovely flowers ;
And Frederick too was with us,
He wander'd by thy side,
And our thoughts were as harmonious,
As the river's flowing tide.
And oh ! may those fair flowers
Be an emblem of thy lot,
For they were the lovely blossoms
Of the bright " Forget-me-not."

And years since then have vanish'd,
Yet thou art still the same ;
And may those cherish'd feelings,
Unchangeably remain,
May time but add a lustre
To the wreath we then entwin'd,
And all thy future hours,
Be love and joy combin'd.

THE NUN.

Yes, thou art buried in the convent's gloom,
Immur'd for life within a living tomb ;
Pale is thy cheek, as if some early care,
Had blanch'd the roses it was wont to wear ;
Some sudden sorrow frozen the fair tide,
That in thy bosom swell'd with joy and pride,
And in some moment of intense delight,
On thee had fallen a cold with'ring blight
Which thy young loving spirit ill could brave,
And sought a refuge in the cloister's shade.
But oh ! mistaken utterly, and vain,
Is this thy effort to extinguish pain ;
Can solitude and silence give relief,
Or stay the torrent of o'erflowing grief ?
Thy languid mien, and mournful glance attest,
Regretful memories cannot be repress'd ;
Wherefore creation's glories shut from sight,
And make thyself a long enduring night ?
The world is evil, but more happy far,
The active duties of existence are ;
And ties of kindred closely are entwin'd,
By nature's hand, around each feeling mind ;

For other's griefs a pitying tear can flow,
 And half obliterate our secret woe ;
 Trials and sufferings wherefore should we fear,
 For heavenly comfort is for ever near ;
 Shall foes within, or threat'ning ills appal ?
 If strong in faith, we may surmount them all.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Bright moments cannot linger,
 The dew-drop melts away,
 Touch'd by the warm effulgence
 Of noontide's fervid ray ;
 Clouds and impending shadows for ever intervene,
 To mar the sunny brightness of every earthly scene.

And thus the spirit's gladness
 As speedily decays,
 The beaming brow is shrouded,
 And anguish soon displays,
 The sunshine and its glory have vanish'd quickly by,
 Leaving the heart in solitude and loneliness to sigh.

Our warm and true affections
 Are ever prone to rest,
 With hope and lively confidence,
 Upon some kindred breast ;
 But oft, alas ! in this world, we're doom'd to be
 deceiv'd,
 And find there is no faithfulness in what we once
 believ'd.

And death, too, often snatches
 Our cherish'd ones from sight,
 Whose love was most unchanging,
 Whose smile our spirit's light ;
 In peace they gently slumber,—the just can never
 die,
 And their example makes us look more steadfastly
 on high.

Sunshine and shadow ever tinge
 The lot of all below,
 Yet on the wings of faith we rise
 Above such joy or woe ;
 We look unto a glorious land where comes no
 gath'ring night,
 And in our sorrow keenly feel the comfort of its
 light.

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of Sir Robert Peel, whose death was occasioned by a fall from his horse, which, after a few days extreme suffering, terminated his great and honourable career, to the inexpressible grief of his family and the whole English nation.

One mighty voice of sorrow,
 Resounds from shore to shore,
 'Tis England mourning o'er the dead,
 Her patriot now no more ;
 Who stood her dauntless champion
 'Mid senators and peers,
 And claims the silent tribute
 Of England's grateful tears.

'Tis grief sincere and poignant,
 Pervading every breast,
 Tho' crown'd with fame and glory,
 He peacefully doth rest ;
 Genius and high integrity,
 His public acts reveal,—
 Long in this land's affections,
 Will live Sir Robert Peel !

Quench'd was that glorious spirit
 In the zenith of its power,
 But with true Christian fortitude
 He met the trying hour ;
 Life's great and arduous duties
 He had labour'd to fulfill,
 And yielded with submission
 To the Almighty will.

In one absorbing feeling
 Unite both friend and foe,
 A mighty spirit of the age
 Now in the dust lies low,
 Whose great and noble energies
 Were spent for England's weal,
 We look around, but shall we find,
 Another man like Peel ?

And oh ! his private virtues,
 Just admiration claim,
 They shed the brightest radiance
 On his illustrious name ;
 Those ties which death has sunder'd,
 Are not for ever riven,
 May happiness eternal
 Be his reward in heaven.

LINES

*Occasioned by reading the "Life and Works" of
Mrs Hemans.*

She dwelleth still among us,
In thoughts serenely pure,
Whose deep and holy influence,
Shall evermore endure ;
What sweet abiding harmonies,
Sound from her gifted lyre,
Whose heav'n directed chords impart,
Devotion's hallow'd fire.

With her, we traverse mountain paths,
And glens where lovely flowers wave,
Then borne upon some gallant barque,
The wide majestic ocean brave ;
We rest beneath some shadowy palm,
Where scenes of orient beauty rise,
And then her spirit seems to point,
Towards the clear and boundless skies.

Then as the shades of night draw on,
 Disclosing every glitt'ring sphere,
In the deep silence of the hour,
 Her well known voice again we hear ;
It bids us worship and adore,
 At nature's pure and sacred shrine,
It tells us that those orbs above,
 Bear witness of a power divine.

That holy spirit gave her strength,
 In many a sad and trying hour,
When sinking 'neath o'erwhelming grief,
 God was her strong abiding tower ;
To that sure refuge she hath led,
 The thoughts of many a wand'ring mind,
And for her efforts now does claim,
 The gratitude of all mankind.

Yet there were bright celestial hours,
 Illumining life's chequer'd way,
When kindred spirits lent their power,
 To chase each gloomy cloud away ;
Then did her most ethereal mind,
 Soar upward on extatic wing,
And like the lark's inspiring lay,
 Did strains of peerless beauty sing.

Those strains are hush'd—far from this world
Of sin and sorrow, dwells she now,
A seraph's robes her form doth wear,
Glory endiadems her brow.
And now perchance she looketh down,
On scenes where once her footsteps trod,
Rejoicing in the adverse hour
That led her trusting soul to God.

CHEERFUL OLD AGE.

Oh ! it is beautiful to see
The mild benignant ray,
Of peace and Christian charity,
Adorn life's closing day ;
To view upon the hoary brow
Calm traces of content,
The pure reflection of a life
In deeds of goodness spent.

We venerate each silvery hair
That marks the lapse of time,
Which, like a crown of holy light,
Round the aged brow doth shine ;
When resignation's happy smile,
Lights up the furrowed cheek,
A touching lesson unto youth
It doth most truly speak.

'Tis beautiful when friendship blends,
With life's declining beam,
And memory is flowing on
A bright unruffled stream,

Upon whose banks are many spots,
 Dear to the pilgrim grey,
 Whose beauty often doth illume,
 The darkness of his way.

He liveth in an atmosphere
 Of scenes that long have fled,
 Recalling cherish'd visions
 Now mingling with the dead,
 Like an old oak of the forest
 Majestic in decay,
 He still survives, when treasur'd ones,
 Have pass'd from earth away.

He waiteth for the summons
 To the land of joy and love,
 When every pure and holy tie
 Is sanctified above ;
 Thoughts of adoring gratitude
 Pervade his aged breast,
 And thus in calm tranquillity,
 He passes to his rest.

E'en like a summer evening,
 Fast drawing to a close,
 A chasten'd and a mellow light,
 Life's parting sunbeam throws ;

It bids the young and thoughtless,
 Seek wisdom's lovely ways,
 Securing thus true happiness,
 For their remaining days.

LINES

*Occasioned by visiting the picturesque Church and
 Village of Henbury.*

In calm seclusion yonder village lies,
 A scene of beauty—upon which our eyes
 Could rest for ever—with such sounds as these,
 Nature's sweet voices murmuring thro' the trees,
 Diffus'd around is exquisite perfume,
 Of summer flowers bursting into bloom,
 Shedding their brightness o'er each lovely cot,
 Where worldly thoughts and feelings enter not,
 For calm contentment, to each bosom dear,
 Must surely make her habitation here.

The village church, with ivy wreaths entwin'd,
Brings sweet reflections to the pensive mind ;
Here holy peace extends her dove-like wing,
And solemn yew-trees their broad shadows fling,
O'er every sacred monumental urn,
From which the living may wise lessons learn ;
The chasten'd sunbeams shine on every tomb,
Divesting death of awfulness and gloom,
They bid us look to realms beyond the sky,
Where all is light and immortality.
These simple records of departed worth,
Exalt our feelings from the things of earth,
And precious promises, most freely given,
On wings of mercy here descend from heaven.

LINES

On a beautiful Grotto.

Lovely is this cool retreat,
Fit for elves and fairy feet,
Shelter'd from the noontide ray,
Here the glittering waters play,
Falling with a silvery sound,
O'er the rainbow shells around ;
Ocean's gems are richly spread,
In profusion overhead,
Crystal pillars glancing bright,
Here reflect the hues of light,
And support the magic roof,
Framed by some enchanted woof.
Lightly tread ! for elfin feet
This were regal palace meet.
Ancient legends oft have told,
Of their deeds in wood and wold ;
When the world is hush'd in sleep,
Midnight revels fairies keep,
Softly o'er the dewy grass,
It is said their footsteps pass,

To some knoll or grassy mound,
 Where they trip the mystic round,
 Weaving many an airy spell,
 In each unfrequented dell,—
 Surely this delicious grot,
 May have been their trysting spot!

LINES

*On the christening of my dear little niece and
 god-child, Ada Isabella Rainier, born 5th of
 July, 1850.*

Oh! may thy future life, fair child,
 Be like the summer sea,
 Calm and unruffled as the wave,
 From storms and tempests free;
 May every transient grief be hush'd,
 Within thy infant breast,
 As tranquil as the slumbering deep,
 At evening's hour of rest.

We ask not for thee wealth or fame,
Vain pageants of an hour,
But may almighty wisdom grant,
A far more lasting dower.
The sacred symbol has been traced
Upon thy forehead fair,
May God vouchsafe, that all thy life,
Its impress thou may'st wear.
When reason's early dawn begins,
Within thy soul to shine,
Oh! may it point to higher things,
Beyond the realms of time.
As some fair flow'rets leaves expand,
And burst at length in bloom,
May virtues spring within thy heart,
That shall survive the tomb,
Shedding their brightness o'er thy lot,
Where'er thy path may be,
And such rich blessings we implore,
Unconscious babe, for thee.

ON THE GENIUS AND LIFE OF BYRON.

Thy genius, like the meteor's blaze,
 Dazzled awhile—and then was gone ;
 Dark gloomy clouds hung o'er thy days,
 And shadow'd youth's celestial morn.
 As some fair vessel tempest toss'd,
 And whelm'd beneath the surging sea,
 The anchor of thy soul was lost,
 And plunged into eternity !
 Oh ! never in life's stormy hour,
 Did'st thou in faith and safety rest
 Upon Jehovah's mighty power,
 To guide into a haven blest.
 A life of suffering was thy fate,
 But not in virtue's sacred cause ;
 They truly are most desolate,
 Who spurn their Maker's righteous laws.
 Rash minstrel ! thou hast left below
 A warning 'gainst rebellious pride,
 To our true happiness a foe
 With whom peace never can reside.
 Yet while I read thy wond'rous lays,
 I marvel such a spirit bright,

Loved not for evermore to gaze
 On the true source of life and light.
 The wreck of all thy hopes we mourn,
 Stranded on life's uncertain shore,
 Thy soul was ever most forlorn,
 Thy errors all the just deplore.

“WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.”

It is close to the eastern wall of the church, a simple grave, covered with grassy sod, a small dark-coloured stone is placed at its foot, a taller one at the head, on which is engraved “William Wordsworth.” On his right lie the remains of two children whom he lost many years ago. A more elaborately carved stone, on his left, points out the resting place of his accomplished and hind-hearted daughter Dora. There is something extremely affecting in this simple memorial of the departed poet; the Rotha, too, flowing past the churchyard, over its pebbly bed, will murmur a sweet music in his ear till the morning of the resurrection.

He sleeps beneath the grassy sod
 In undisturbed repose,
 And by his peaceful resting-place,
 The murmuring streamlet flows;

No monument or marble scroll,
 Speaks of the poet's fame,
 Nought is engraven on his tomb,
 Save Wordsworth's cherish'd name.

And at that venerated name,
 What recollections rise,—
 The fern clad mountains lift their heads
 Exulting to the skies,
 And nature's awful solitudes
 Strike on the listening ear ;
 O'er his undying memory,
 We shed affection's tear.

He sleeps 'mid scenes most dearly loved,
 Where each melodious thought,
 On poesy's harmonious string,
 Was to perfection brought ;
 Those strains were wafted o'er the lake,
 To many a distant clime,
 Those heav'n-born sentiments shall last
 Beyond the realms of time.

The world with all its pomp and pride,
 Held out its lures in vain,
 His free-born spirit spurn'd the yoke,
 And burst the glittering chain ;

It loved to wander uncontrolled,
 From such false trammels free,
 And through creation's glorious works
 To view the Deity.

His ear was open to that voice
 Which speaks in accents clear,
 Jehovah's everlasting power,
 Proclaiming he is near ;
 'Tis heard amid the avalanche,
 That bursts o'er frozen seas,
 It murmurs through those mighty harps,
 The giant forest trees.

Ambition dwelt not in his soul,
 Which shone as pure and clear,
 As when the shades of evening fall
 On peaceful Windermere ;
 That spot of beauty most beloved,
 Which gave his spirit wings,
 Amid whose flowers he envied not,
 The palaces of kings.

He sleeps beneath a lowly grave,
 'Mid friends and kindred dear,
 Nor needs the sculptor's magic art
 A monument to rear ;

'Tis graven in deep characters,
On every thinking mind,
Which can most justly estimate,
Genius and truth combined.

Since this poem was written, a handsome monument has been erected to Wordsworth's memory in Grasmere Church.

A PASSAGE FROM "THE LIFE OF
ROBERT BURNS."

*While pursuing the occupation of ploughing, he is
said to have composed some of his most ad-
mired poems.*

The Scottish braes are gleaming
In summer's golden morn,
Bright pearly drops are hanging
From every flow'ry thorn,
The blithesome birds are singing
Their carollings of love,
With rapid wing careering
Through the azure sky above.

Nature appears rejoicing,
Clad in her emerald vest,
And gratitude awakens
In every manly breast ;
It glows upon the hardy brows
Of those who till the soil,
Beneath those mild enlivening beams,
How light appears their toil.

Behold a form approaching,
His hand directs the plough,
But the deep trace of noble thought,
Is written on his brow ;
Along the rich and teeming earth,
His footsteps swiftly glide,
Yet far away that eagle glance
Surveys the prospect wide.

Bright thoughts within are kindling,
His swelling heart beats high,
And every soul-arousing throb
Responds to liberty ;
The flush of health illumines his cheek,
He quaffs the fragrant air,
And his admiring glances rest
Upon the landscape fair.

Perchance those thoughts are roaming,
To that sweet Highland maid,
In the bright robes of loveliness
And modesty arrayed ;
Chosen from all the smiling throng,
He thinks of her with pride,
She stands in all her native worth,
His own betrothed bride.

Tho' clad in simple peasant's garb,
The riches of his soul,
Were bursting from obscurity,
Defying all control ;
And soon in many a lordly hall,
He was a welcome guest,
Those great and high abilities,
His country then confessed.

Now Scotland's breezy mountains
Echo her poet's praise,
Her sons chant forth his melodies
Upon their native braes ;
And from each hardy peasant,
The stranger quickly learns,
With what deep reverence they regard
The memory of Burns !

ON THE WISDOM OF GOD

In concealing from us future events, and ordering every dispensation of His Providence so as to conduce to our eternal benefit.

Why should we seek to penetrate
 The veil that shuts our sight,
 From what might change an hour of joy,
 To one of darkest night ?
 Wise, and for ever merciful,
 The goodness that denies,
 The history of future years
 To our inquiring eyes.

How vain the wishes that we weave,
 For happiness below ;
 Perchance the flowery wreath we twine,
 Would no real joy bestow ;
 But One above who never sleeps,
 Averts the coming ill,
 And by some heavy chastisement,
 Conforms us to his will.

'Tis only in paternal love
 Our Father deals the blow,
 Which in the cold remorseless grave
 Lays some beloved one low ;
 Yet ever in the darkest hour,
 We'll fix our gaze on heaven,
 From whence alone the healing balm,
 Of comfort can be given.

Why should we marvel, if our prayer
 Is oftentimes denied ?
 If for our souls' eternal weal,
 God can alone decide ;
 He is a strong and righteous judge,
 Whose eye can clearly scan,
 Thro' clouds of dark obscurity,
 What is the best for man.

Then in our Maker's boundless love
 We'll trustingly confide,
 The beacon of His holy word
 Will be our faithful guide,
 Thro' all the thorny paths of life,
 'Twill lead us on our way,
 Until we reach the blessed realms
 Of everlasting day.

REFLECTIONS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,
1851.

A year has pass'd with all its motley train
Of thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears, again
Another opens—its unwritten page
May well the contemplative mind engage
In deep reflection,—'tis a time
When foes within our holy Church combine,
To shake foundations most securely laid,
By her apostate sons she is betray'd,
Creating discords that will never cease,
And marring thus her purity and peace.
If from their graves could saints and martyrs rise,
What tears of sorrow would o'erflow their eyes,
For they would deem their suff'rings had been vain,
Our cherish'd rights as Protestants to gain,
Could they behold the delegates of Rome,
Assume the power due to our Queen alone.
Say, shall the clouds of centuries gone by,
Obscure once more our nation's tranquil sky?
Shall superstition o'er our land again,
Hold her unlawful and oppressive reign?

May God avert it!—may His power prevail,
 Though man's imperfect councils all may fail—
 Though blind delusion holds some minds in thrall,
 Our Church, with His protection, cannot fall !
 Oh ! may it still be founded on a rock,
 And stand unshaken by the earthquake's shock.
 Events are gath'ring for the opening year,
 For distant nations will assemble here,
 And join with England, that the world may gaze,
 And give to industry its meed of praise.
 As in a fairy palace will arise
 Things that will dazzle and delight the eyes,
 While rich Peru, and India's coral shore,
 Will yield of costly things a precious store.
 The labours here of countless hands will be
 Then open'd to our wond'ring scrutiny,
 And to our shores will every nation bring,
 Of its prosperity an offering.
 May peace prevail, true charity increase,
 Wars and their rumours now entirely cease,
 And on foundations holy and secure,
 Oh ! may our Church for evermore endure ;
 Then will the evils that we dread decay,
 And these dark shadows quickly pass away.

“THE PATAGONIAN MARTYRS.”

Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., so well known by his enterprising missionary labours in the south of Africa, with a few friends as zealous and heroic as himself, set out on an expedition to Patagonia, for the purpose of Christianizing the barbarous inhabitants of Picton Island. No tidings of them having reached England for more than a twelvemonth, a vessel was despatched to ascertain what had become of them ; after a long search the body of Captain Gardiner was found lying on the sand, he having died of starvation, after lingering sufferings, on the 6th of September, 1851 ; the rest of his party shared the same fate. His diary was found detailing their horrible sufferings until the day of his death, but his trust in God was unshaken to the last, and a heavenly tranquillity of soul cheered his dying moments.

They perish'd,—that devoted band,—

Theirs was a painful lingering death ;

But heavenly comfort was at hand,

Prayer mingled with their latest breath.

And he whose brave heroic heart,

To deeds of mercy led the way,

Acted the Christian soldier's part,
And blinded heathens taught to pray,

Was found upon a desert shore,
His gallant comrades lying near,
Their requiem the ocean's roar,
With none to shed a pitying tear.

Stranded upon that island lone,
For human aid they looked in vain ;
None but the savage heard their moan,
From him no kind assistance came.

They went in mercy to reclaim,
Those heathens from their lost estate,
To tell them of a Saviour's name,
But met, alas ! a cruel fate.

Stern famine came, what pangs severe,
Those Christian martyrs did endure ;
But oh ! for them death brought no fear,
Their faith was firm, confiding, sure.

They saw with calm unflinching eye,
" The king of terrors " drawing near,
With no kind voice of comfort nigh,
Their dying agonies to cheer.

Faith triumph'd in that howling waste,
God's Holy Spirit brought repose,
The cup of blessing all did taste,
Comfort the Christian only knows.

Oh ! who can tell what pangs were theirs,
Far from their country, kindred, friends,
Yet still to God arose their pray'rs,
Whose power bereaved hearts defends.

Oh ! may that balm descend to heal,
Those that bewail the righteous dead,
Whose souls are blest, we know and feel,
To heavenly mansions they have fled.

Repose in peace most sacred dust !
For angels must be hovering near,
To guard the relics of the just,
Whose memory all mankind revere !

ON THE MELANCHOLY FATE OF LADY
ARABELLA STUART,

*Who died after long imprisonment in the Tower,
for having some claim to the throne of England,
and for having married Mr. Seymour, an
accomplished gentleman, without the know-
ledge and consent of King James I.; her
mind at length gave way from such rigorous
captivity.*

Ill-fated daughter of a royal line,
In a dark fortress thou wer't doom'd to pine
For long, long years, till thy bright eye grew dim,
And weary hours pass'd by with thoughts of him,
Whose firm attachment was thy highest pride,
Far, far in exile from his lovely bride.

Those gloomy walls bore witness to the sighs,
From her dejected bosom wont to rise;
Oft did they echo with distracting grief,
Which brought, alas! no permanent relief;
To one belov'd her trusting heart was given,
Those cherish'd bonds by ruthless hands were riven.

Her only crime was pure and holy love,
 Which we believe is sanctified above,
 When heart meets heart, and soul to soul replies,
 Blest union of our tenderest sympathies,
 Ordain'd by God that none on earth may sever,
 A holy compact form'd to last for ever.

For these lost joys did Arabella pine,
 No ray of hope did on her darkness shine ;
 Lonely and lorn she wish'd not for a throne,
 But fond affection coveted alone.
 This was denied her,—for her lineage high,
 In wasting misery she was doom'd to die.

Ere death releas'd the victim, she became,
 From lengthen'd sorrow, hopelessly insane ;
 Warp'd by keen suffering was her gentle mind,
 Which sunk at length 'neath cruelty refin'd ;
 Peace to her memory ! endless shame to those
 Whose tyranny occasioned all her woes !

How shall they stand at that tribunal dread,
 When God to judgment summons quick and dead ;
 On crumbling nature they will vainly call,
 No rocks or mountains on their heads will fall,
 To hide from wrath, when the Almighty reigns,
 And for their crimes just retribution claims.

TEARS.

Oft have I watch'd the glittering shower,
 Descend from April's dewy eyes,
 Resting on every lovely flower
 That lifts its chalice to the skies ;
 Thus tears of joy on beauty's cheek,
 The fulness of the heart bespeak.

They glisten oft in lovely eyes,
 Falling as doth refreshing rain,
 When by a swift and glad surprise,
 Long sever'd hearts meet once again ;
 No language ever can convey
 Such mute glad eloquence as they.

'Tis fearful when the rising storm
 Of passion agitates the breast,
 When wildest frenzy shakes the form,
 In burning torrents 'tis express'd ;
 That spectacle oft leaves behind,
 A sad impression on the mind.

How touchingly does silent grief,
 To our warm sympathies appeal,

Tears of deep sorrow bring relief,
As down the wasted cheek they steal ;
Those drops of anguish large and slow,
Reveal a history of woe.

There is a tear that shines as bright,
As doth the diamond's brilliant ray,
Or dew drops glittering in the light,
Illumining each trembling spray ;
When gratitude's warm feelings start,
From the recesses of the heart.

As from a sacred fount it flows,
Where every holy impulse dwells,
A lively joy the bosom knows,
That grateful tear most truly tells ;
It speaks a language of its own,
Which generous bosoms read alone.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHANNA BAILLIE,

*Whose Poems and Dramas are ranked amongst
the finest in our language, and whose amiable
and benevolent character is deserving of the
highest praise, and justly endeared her to all
during her long and useful life.*

She sleeps in peace, with fame's bright laurels
crown'd,
Leaving a name and memory renown'd ;
Tho' lofty genius dwelt within her mind,
With all the gentler graces 'twas combin'd.
In life's great drama she perform'd her part,
With all a Christian's singleness of heart ;
Tho' for her talents courted and admir'd,
She lov'd repose and from the world retir'd.
Her choice was wisdom ; that exalted mind
In such diversions could no pleasure find,
As those in which the thoughtless pass their hours,
Her soul was filled with far more lofty powers,
Than unto ordinary minds belong,
She was the queen of poetry and song !

Her early home was in that glorious land,
Where nature's works are all supremely grand,
Where craggy mountains their high summits rear,
And rushing torrents strike the startled ear ;
While flashing ever and anon are seen,
The lake's calm beauties with their islets green ;
Amid such scenes expanded first her thought,
From them her fancy inspiration caught,
What marvel then that all her works should be,
So full of grandeur and sublimity !

“THE KING OF THE FOREST.”

In some parts of the Highlands of Scotland, exist solitary wilds of forest seldom trodden by the foot of man, and in which are found herds of red deer. One of these noble animals has been sought for many years past by the most experienced huntsmen without success, and though a large sum has been offered for his capture, he has hitherto escaped his pursuers, and retreated uninjured into his forest home.

Thro' the dim aisles of leafless trees,
 Loud roars the wintry blast,
 Sweeping o'er trackless frozen seas,
 Thro' forests dim and vast.
 The oaks their giant branches twine,
 In thick and tangled maze,
 Thro' which the sunbeams scarcely shine,
 In noontide's fervid blaze.

But few among the human race,
 Those solitudes behold,
 The changing seasons deck with grace,
 And tinge those trees with gold ;

Their bursting leaves unfold in spring,
 Unseen they fade and die,
 Save by the birds on soaring wing,
 Or the wild stag rushing by.

He comes with fleet elastic pace,
 High rears his antler'd brow,
 What can exceed the matchless grace,
 Of the forest's monarch now ?
 The daring huntsman lingers long,
 Tracking his dewy lair,
 But fearlessly he bounds along,
 And 'scapes the artful snare.

Oh ! wherefore should mankind invade,
 Thy glorious forest home ?
 Long, long, in its primeval shade,
 May'st thou in freedom roam ;
 And hear aerial music float,
 Like sweet and solemn chimes,
 Which thy quick ear delights to note,
 'Neath the tall majestic pines.

A mossy carpet here is spread,
 On which the playful fawn,
 Gambols with light fantastic tread,
 And quaffs the fragrant morn ;

At eve, when silvery moonbeams shine,
With calm benignant ray,
The weary herd in peace recline,
Until the dawn of day.

King of the forest ! may'st thou be,
Unharm'd by mortal foe ;
Thy graceful limbs, unfetter'd, free,
Till age shall lay thee low ;
Then may some friendly oak extend,
Its branches o'er thy head,
And winds their sighing requiem blend,
To mourn when thou art dead !

LINES

*Occasioned by hearing the blind people sing at the
Asylum, Bristol.*

Sing on, sweet voices, one might deem a band,
Of the bright seraphim were hovering near,
Swelling in chorus now supremely grand,
Then sinking low in cadence soft and clear.
Tho' hopeless blindness seals their sadden'd eyes,
Veiling creation's glories from their sight,
A God of mercy some rich gifts supplies,
At His command their darkness turns to light.
Contentment sits on each afflicted brow,
A priceless jewel none can take away,
To God's wise chastisements they humbly bow,
And heav'n-born peace illumines their darksome
way.

Oh ! happier far are that afflicted throng,
Than those who spend in vanity their days,
To such deluded beings ne'er belong,
Those holy feelings, gratitude and praise.
A wilful blindness veils their mental sight,
Because for guidance they refuse to pray,
While these meek suff'ers, with no earthly light,
Receive within the Gospel's glorious ray.

EVENING IN THE DESERT,

Near Nimroud, one of the ancient palaces of the Assyrian kings, recently excavated by Mr. Layard, upon the walls of which are sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and their idolatrous form of worship, scarcely injured by the lapse of ages.

Pass'd is the torrid heat,—'tis evening time,
 Diffusing coolness o'er this fiery clime,
 Across whose burning sands the hot simoom,
 With one fell sweep decides the wand'rer's doom ;
 E'en children of the desert gaze with dread,
 On signs portentous gath'ring overhead ;
 Men whom no danger ever could appal,
 Before its blasting influence prostrate fall.
 'Tis evening time, yet no such signs as these
 The pensive eye of contemplation sees ;
 Stretch'd in the distance lies a desert plain,
 With gentle undulations like the main,
 Upon whose surface, c'en like ramparts high,
 Mounds of strange import meet the wand'ring eye ;
 They have a wondrous meaning,—to our sight,
 Inspir'd prophecy is brought to light.

'Tis Nineveh, the ancient, the renown'd !
 Here are the halls in which her kings were crown'd,
 Upon whose walls their sculptur'd deeds appear,
 And mystic records in abundance here
 Attest her greatness,—vividly recall
 Those palmy days, long, long, before her fall !
 At Jonah's preaching, here the nobles pray'd,
 In abject weeds of sackcloth then array'd,
 T' avert heaven's judgments, but forgot too soon
 The prophet's warning, sealing thus their doom.
 Yes, 'twas a pow'rful nation,—here at length,
 We read its might and intellectual strength ;
 Yet to false deities it gave the praise,
 Refus'd to walk in God's most righteous ways,
 And then the awful retribution came,
 Blasting these palaces with wings of flame.
 Ages have fled, whole dynasties gone by,
 Since these stupendous relics met the eye,
 Rescued by genius from their darksome tomb,
 The light of day streams thro' each princely room ;
 Time has dealt gently, wondrous pile, with thee,
 Obedient doubtless unto heaven's decree,
 Which thus unfolds to our admiring gaze,
 The matchless truth of inspiration's page.
 Here, Arab horsemen, laden with their spoil,
 Return to rest after the noonday toil

Beneath their tent's broad shadow, and the tale,
They homeward bring, might cause some hearts to
quail.

Rapine and blood the burthen of their song,
Applauded much by that barbarian throng,
Whose tribes are ever in perpetual strife,
Clearly predicted in the "Book of Life."
But lo! at sunset near these heathen fanes,*
Is Christian worship heard upon the plains,
Such hallowed rites must every heart revere,
And join that group of votaries sincere,
Who bravely still, 'mid persecution's fires,
Maintain the faith bequeath'd them by their sires ;
Now to the gates of heaven their hymns arise,
Blending with choirs of angels in the skies.
Thrice blest Chaldeans ! may that fervent pray'r
Be wafted far upon the desert air,
Shedding its influence over friends and foes,
"Till the wide waste shall blossom as the rose !"

* "To this day the people retain their old forms and ceremonies, their festivals, their chronology, and their ancient language, in their prayers and holy books. They are even now engaged in a struggle with the Church of Rome for the maintenance of the last relics of their faith."—*Layard's Nineveh.*

LINES

*Occasioned by the death of C. F. H., which occurred
at Cape Town, April 22nd, 1851, in the 28th
year of his age.*

Thou art gone to thy rest on a far distant shore,
Thou art sleeping in death's long repose,
Where pain and disquiet can reach thee no more,
Thy sufferings are brought to a close.

Oh! we were companions in childhood's young
days,
And, if in youth's earliest prime,
The words of true wisdom had guided thy ways,
A happier lot had been thine.

Yes, e'en like a vessel most gallant and fair,
Thou wert launch'd on life's perilous sea,
With no pilot to steer, or of quicksands beware,
No haven to which thou couldst flee.

And then came the storm which arrested thy course,
In folly's most thoughtless career,

God's chast'ning hand awaken'd remorse,
And caused thee His judgments to fear.

How great was the change—amid sickness and
gloom

A ray of bright glory appear'd,
Religion's mild lustre illumin'd the tomb,
Thy spirit she solaced and cheer'd.

Oh ! how all who lov'd thee rejoiced to behold,
What God in His mercy had wrought ;
Each day did His word fresh instruction unfold,
To guide thy awakening thought.

And then thou did'st seek a more genial clime,
Thy fast failing strength to restore,
But God had decree'd in His wisdom divine,
Thou shouldst visit thy country no more !

Oh ! earnest thy wish to behold once again,
That land to her children so dear,
It was thy fond hope amid anguish and pain,
Thy last thoughts were hovering here !

Thou art gone to thy rest ! far, far, from thy home
Was breath'd thine expiring sigh ;
Yet we know in that hour thou wert not alone,
"The God of all comfort was nigh."

His arm did surround thee when fading from sight,
 Seem'd earthly and perishing things,
 We trust thou art dwelling in regions of light,
 From whence joy most ineffable springs !

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Affection is a holy thing,
 Like dew upon the flowers,
 Refreshment it doth ever bring
 Unto these hearts of ours ;
 But oh ! the most enduring far,
 Reflected from above,
 Which earthly dross can never mar,
 Is a mother's faithful love.

She watches o'er her infant child
 With fond and anxious eye,
 With accents ever soft and mild
 She soothes its fretful cry ;
 Until upon that loving breast
 Those downy eyelids close,
 Unconscious in that tranquil rest
 Who watches its repose.

When sickness racks the weary frame,
 And darkness reigns around,
 In her affection still the same,
 The mother will be found !
 Forsaken by that thoughtless throng
 Who shar'd life's joyous way,
 A mother's love so firm and strong
 Will ne'er our trust betray.

'Tis her's to bind the broken heart,
 Each mental suffering share,
 And act the Christian parent's part
 By joining oft in prayer ;
 Until the wild convulsive throes
 Of agony shall cease,
 Until the tortur'd spirit knows
 The blessedness of peace.

That holy feeling doth extend
 Thro' nature's wide domains,
 And greater swiftness it doth lend
 To birds that skim the plains ;
 The patient mother's watchful eye
 Protects her cherish'd brood,
 Detects each threaten'd danger nigh,
 And brings their daily food.

May those who scorn such tender ties,
Cast in the sternest mould,
When such examples meet their eyes,
Remain no longer cold ;
When thus the feather'd tribes display
Such fond parental love,
They surely must those laws obey
Which govern realms above.

FLOWERS.

Stars of earth, like gems adorning
 Verdant sward and woodland shade,
 The first golden beams of morning,
 Ope your beauties in the glade ;
 Lovely to our sight appearing,
 With a coronal of dew,
 Gracefully your heads uprearing,
 Ye present a picture true
 Of the buds of youth unfolding
 'Neath a parent's watchful eye,—
 Flowers a Great Creator's moulding,
 Destines for eternity !
 Bright as yonder opening roses,
 Are our cheeks in life's young day,
 Hope, like radiant dew reposes
 On our hearts with brilliant ray ;
 Varied as the tints of flowers,
 Human aspirations seem,
 Some in wisdom spend their hours,
 Others nought but pleasure dream.
 I have watch'd the rose unfolding
 All her brightness to the sun,

While my eyes were yet beholding,
 Some cold chilling breeze has come,
 Passing o'er the lovely flower,
 Rifling all its rich perfume,
 And beneath the spoiler's power,
 Its attractions vanish'd soon.
 Beauty is a fading treasure,
 Which we all too highly prize ;
 It alone can give no pleasure,
 To the heart that's truly wise.
 Flowers there are, whose blossoms never
 Dazzle the beholder's sight ;
 Yet their modest charms must ever
 Fill the senses with delight.
 Virtue thus is oft appearing,
 In true loveliness array'd,
 Qualities the most endearing
 Flourish often in the shade.
 Nature's book is ever open
 To the calm reflecting mind,
 Wisdom, from its pages spoken,
 Is the truest, most refined.

A THOUGHT BY MOONLIGHT.

E'en as yon planet sailing through the sky,
Obscur'd by clouds, then bursting on our sight,
Is faith's pure beacon to the mental eye,
Oft quench'd in darkness, then serene and bright.
Thus will it be throughout life's changing way,
Appearing oft our drooping hearts to cheer,—
A light that speaks of everlasting day,
Free from all shadows that we meet with here.
Lo! as by magic, yon dark clouds pass by,
From that clear planet floods of radiance shine ;
Gaze, faithful Christian, with extatic eye,
A far more glorious prospect shall be thine !

STANZAS.

She is thinking of the faithless one,
 Her eyes with tears are wet,
 The love he once profess'd for her
 Will rise in memory yet ;
 There's a cloud upon her spirit,
 Those sadden'd looks may tell,
 She lov'd the base deceiver
 Too faithfully and well.

She seems like one awaking
 From a fair and pleasant dream,
 To a prospect veiled in darkness,
 To a sadly alter'd scene ;
 No beams of hope at present,
 Can mitigate the gloom,
 Which lately shone resplendent,
 And made the desert bloom.

Yes ; all her warm affections
 Are blighted and betray'd,
 Her trusting heart's reliance
 Has by falsehood been repaid ;

She tries, although most vainly,
 That anguish to control,
 Too recent is her sorrow
 For any to console.

May time's oblivious shadow
 Bring healing on his wings,
 For oft from out the darkness,
 A brighter prospect springs;
 And tho' now broken-hearted,
 The night will soon be past,
 And joy's most cheering morning
 Shine radiantly at last.

Oh! may she be rewarded
 With happiness at length,
 And trials like the present
 But give her soul fresh strength,
 And one be found more worthy
 Her young and trusting heart,
 Who'll guard it as a treasure,
 Nor act a trait'rous part.

Then all the past will vanish
 Like wint'ry days of gloom,
 And peace within her bosom,
 Its wonted sway resume;

The sadness of her spirit,
 Like a tempest passing by,
 Will seldom be remember'd,
 Save by a passing sigh.

STANZAS,

*Occasioned by hearing a song composed by an early
 and very dear friend, several years having
 elapsed since her death.*

Oh ! sing again that touching lay,
 It brings before my mental sight,
 Sweet memories that will ne'er decay,
 Illum'd with friendship's holy light.

It brings the lost one to my mind,
 Her eyes with radiant lustre gleam,
 With her lov'd image are combin'd,
 Our childhood's joys, and life's young dream.

Sing that harmonious verse once more,
 From her bright mind those numbers came,

It seems, tho' briefly, to restore
The lov'd, the lost, to life again.

It tells me death can never break
The bonds affection weaves below ;
They still exist for her dear sake,
And consolation do bestow.

Each chord awakes within my soul,
Fond recollections of the past ;
A love that soars beyond control,—
Emotions that with life will last.

Oh ! could thy seraph form survey
The thoughts that in my bosom dwell,
Which there maintain their rightful sway,
Such thoughts, methinks, would please thee well.

Thy latest wish to me express'd,
Was that thy memory might be dear ;
Look down from thy abode of rest,—
Thine image is still cherish'd here.

Then sing again that touching lay,
Recall our happiest days once more ;
And memory will that call obey,
The lost, the lov'd, again restore.

LINES

Addressed to my little cousin Emily, on her birthday, December 8th, 1851.

My wishes for thee, Emily,
Are heartfelt and sincere,
On this, to thee, most happy day,
Of all the circling year.

Bright as the sunbeams are thy smiles,
And innocent as gay,
While thy companions gather round,
To celebrate this day.

God grant that each succeeding year,
Fresh happiness may bring;
And no dark clouds of sorrow come
To mar life's early spring.

Thy youthful brow with gladness fraught,
Is yet untrac'd by care,
May virtue's wreath around it twine,
And heavenly blossoms bear.

Unfading are those lovely flowers,
Immortal is their bloom,
They shine in seasons dark and drear,
They brighten hours of gloom.

When childhood's joys have passed away,
May pleasure still be thine,
And in religion's holy ways
May thy young steps incline.

Thy study be God's changeless word,
That points to realms above,
Thy trust through life be on that rock,
A Saviour's dying love.

Oh ! then, dear child, the highest joy
Will unto thee be given,
And every year that circles by,
Make thee more fit for heaven.

THOUGHTS

*Suggested by seeing Westminster Abbey on a fine
moonlight Sabbath evening.*

I stood beneath the abbey's solemn shade,
 Whose venerable cloisters were array'd
 In shadowy darkness,—till the moon,
 With silvery lustre did dispel the gloom,
 Rising above each pinnacle and tower,
 With all her soft and soul-subduing power,
 Giving distinctness to the hallow'd fane,
 Where England's monarchs centuries have lain,
 Disrob'd of greatness,—there shall they repose,
 Till the last judgment shall their acts disclose.
 The bells chimed forth the hour of evening pray'r,
 Echoing full sweetly on the silent air,
 And countless stars, like radiant lamps on high,
 Illum'd the darkness of a wintry sky.
 What deep solemnity the glorious past,
 Did at that moment o'er the abbey cast,
 And thoughts of other and far distant times
 Swept o'er my soul, and blended like those chimes,
 Which, with alluring voices, seem'd to say,
 "Unite in prayer on this most sacred day."

Then kingly pageants pass'd before my sight
 Array'd in splendour's rich and golden light,
 When mitred prelates, on each princely head,
 The sacred oil of consecration shed ;
 Within that fane which witness'd all their pride,
 Both prince and prelate slumber side by side.
 Poets and statesmen here in peace repose,
 And o'er their grave the light of genius throws
 Undying glory,—their high deeds and lays,
 Still merit and receive our warmest praise.
 No more, as in dark times long pass'd away,
 Before their tombs misguided pilgrims pray.
 Their sacred dust we cherish and revere,
 The memory of the just deserves a tear,
 But not our worship,—that alone is given,
 To the Almighty King who reigns in heaven.
 Grand mausoleum of the mighty dead,
 Upon thy walls may future ages shed
 E'en greater lustre,—may'st thou stand,
 For years to come, the glory of our land ;
 Long, long, on high uprear each glitt'ring spire,
 And pealing anthems from thy heavenly choir,
 Raise the wrapt spirit on extatic wings,
 To laud and magnify the King of kings.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE “AMAZON,”

Which was occasioned by fire, on the morning of the first Sunday of the new year. Nothing could stay the progress of the flames, and by half-past five in the morning her two magazines exploded, and the splendid vessel had disappeared beneath the waves. One hundred persons perished, amongst whom were Captain Symonds, the commander, and the highly-gifted Eliot Warburton. Nothing could exceed the coolness and courage of Mr. Vincent, a young midshipman of the ill-fated vessel; he took the command of one of the life-boats, and under Providence was the means of saving the lives of many of his fellow-passengers.

On thro' the foaming billows,
Swift as an eagle's flight,
How bravely sailed the "Amazon,"
Her track a flood of light;
The stars like faithful sentinels
Their midnight vigil kept
Above the noble vessel,
Whose crew securely slept.

When lo ! a cry was heard,
Which filled all hearts with dread,
While thro' each trembling bosom
The wildest terror spread ;
And loud the alarm bell rang,
Proclaiming tidings dire,
While mingling with its sound
Was heard the cry of " Fire ! "

It was an awful summons
That roused from slumber light,
To a scene that mocks description
Of horror and affright ;
But brave hearts were amongst them
Whose courage never failed,
And 'mongst the trembling passengers
Some hope awhile prevailed.

On went the burning vessel,
While thro' dense smoke and flame,
Her seamen hurried to and fro,
Their efforts proved in vain ;
And groups of wan pale faces
Seen by that lurid glare,
Each told a tale of anguish,
Of terror and despair.

And closer to her bosom
 The mother pressed her child,
 Then gazed on the remorseless flames
 With look and accent wild ;
 She saw them fiercely playing
 Around each spar and mast,
 Then into the tossing life-boat,
 Herself and child she cast.

Who stands with brow undaunted,
 That fragile barque to steer,
 In a moment of such danger,
 Without a trace of fear ?
 'Tis that young intrepid sailor
 Who gave the alarm of fire,
 What comfort and what confidence,
 His words, his acts, inspire.

His hand with steady courage
 Steer'd from the burning wreck,
 But oh ! what sights of anguish
 Were seen upon her deck ;
 Her gallant tried commander
 The picture of despair,
 And another gifted being,
 Were standing mutely there.

He was the child of genius
Last seen amid the fire,
And round him the fast spreading flames
Gleamed as a funeral pyre ;
Then like a mighty rocket
The burning mass rose high,
Casting a wild unearthly light
O'er the sea and darken'd sky.

Down, down, she quickly founder'd,
Beneath the surging wave,
One hundred human beings
There found a watery grave ;
And children then were fatherless,
Sad widows left to weep,
O'er noble hearts now buried
Beneath the rolling deep.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there."—
St. John, xi. 31.

The sorrowing mother goeth there to weep,
Where her lov'd daughter lies in death's long sleep,
That precious treasure for a season given,
Then early summon'd to the courts of heaven.
Years have gone by since she was call'd away
To the pure regions of eternal day ;
Yet by that grave the lonely mourner kneels,
And her affliction as acutely feels,
As when that child on her maternal breast
Breath'd her last sigh, and calmly sunk to rest.
What thoughts of anguish rise before her there,
When by the beauteous dead she knelt in pray'r,
And sought for succour from a pow'r divine,
Her will to His entirely to resign ;
And now 'tis granted,—thro' the lapse of years
She sees a father's hand and dries her tears.
Yet oft she bends before that hallow'd tomb,
To watch the flow'rets that around it bloom

Burst forth in beauty—then as soon decay
Like the bright spirit that has pass'd away,
And on the wings of faith ascended high,
To heavenly bliss and immortality.

Oh ! could that child behold her mother there,
And thus bear witness to such pious care,
Her golden harp and angel voice she'd raise
In loftiest strains of gratitude and praise,
To Him who sits upon that glorious throne
Whence love like this can emanate alone.

THE VISION OF NAPOLEON.

It was on the 26th of April, after a calm night, he said to Montholon, with extraordinary emotion, "I have seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me; she disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms; she was seated there; it seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening; she is not changed,—still the same,—full of devotion to me; she told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. She assured me of that. Did you see her?" Whether it was a feverish dream, or a real and actual vision, its purpose was equally experienced. It impressed its moral on the few melancholy hours which lay between him and the grave.—History of the captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, by General Count Montholon.

Upon his restless couch Napoleon lay,
 The sands of life were ebbing fast away,
 A misty veil obscur'd his eagle gaze,
 And quench'd at length ambition's meteor rays,
 That gleam'd in bygone years with dazzling light,
 Death hover'd o'er him, all around was night.

What was usurping and despotic power
 But condemnation at that awful hour ?
 What, but the memory of recorded crime,
 That called for judgment from a power divine ;
 Of what avail'd his boasted conquests now
 When the cold dew of death was on his brow ?
 They but procured a perishing renown,
 Not an eternal and unfading crown.
 Such thoughts as these were crowding on his brain,
 When to his side a form of brightness came :—
 “ Dost see, my friend,” the dying Emperor said,
 While starting wildly from his feverish bed,
 “ ’Tis Josephine, my dear and injured wife,
 Whose love was once the solace of my life ;
 Radiant with goodness I behold her stand,
 To heaven she points with dim and shadowy hand,
 Ah ! clearer now, the vision blest appears,
 And lo ! she speaks, her eyes suffus’d with tears ;—
 ‘ We meet again in brighter worlds on high,
 Where death ne’er enters, love can never die ! ’ ”
 “ I hear no voice,” that faithful friend replied,
 “ I see her yet,” Napoleon deeply sighed,
 “ Forgiveness shines on her angelic brow,
 I leave the world in peace and comfort now.”
 The vision passed—but it had brought repose,
 That friend watched by him till life’s dreary close ;

No sigh or murmur did his lips proclaim,
Thro' hours of anguish and protracted pain,
He felt one being loved him to the end,
His own true Josephine, his faithful friend !
Thus often dwells in many a guilty breast
Some nobler impulse, which altho' repress'd,
Will still survive to show what might have been,
Without the blight and cankering power of sin,
Which crushes all beneath its baneful power,
Except perchance some gentle lovely flower,
Which blooms unharm'd 'mid ruin and decay,
The last faint spark of virtue's dazz'ling ray.

THE HOME OF THE DEPARTED.

She is gone ! she is gone ! every object I see,
Brings back some most treasur'd remembrance to me,
As the home that she lov'd I behold once again,
But look for the form once so cherish'd in vain.

Her harp strings are mute, and no longer the sound
Of her musical voice breaks the silence around ;
The roses are there, by her skilful hands wrought,
With the sweet hues of nature so happily caught.

The books that together we read with delight,
I gaze on with tears that are blinding my sight,
Memorials they are of days long since fled,
Of the form once so lovely who sleeps with the dead.

The verses she wrote appeal to me still,
In the language of hope which time cannot chill ;
“ May we meet, dearest friend, on a happier shore,
Where sorrow and death can divide us no more ! ”

But there is one mourner most tenderly keeping
• A watch o'er the spot where her child is now sleeping,

By her these sad relics are guarded with care,
To her they are treasures most precious and rare.

Still, still, she believes that angel on high
Beholds her deep grief with a pitying eye,
That her glorified spirit is hovering near,
To observe every sigh and record every tear.

THE MISSIONARY.

*Occasioned by hearing the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, a
Missionary from China, preach at Clifton
Church, March 28th, 1852.*

Upon his brow a holy brightness shone,
While gazing downward on th' assembled throng,
With that calm, clear, and penetrating eye,
Which spoke of worlds beyond the starry sky ;
His voice was music,—every listening ear
With rapt attention did those accents hear,

That spoke of victories the Cross obtains
 From frozen realms to India's scorching plains.
 Pale was his cheek from the laborious strife
 Attendant on a missionary's life,
 Yet full of hope from fervid climes he came,
 Where he had published his Redeemer's name,
 To heathen multitudes—who wondering heard
 Glad tidings preach'd from God's unchanging word,
 Until at length from sin's dark fetters free
 Their souls awoke to life and liberty.
 What self-devotion mark'd his outward mien,
 Willing to leave each lov'd familiar scene,
 Kindred and home, all that the heart holds dear,
 God's sacred banner in dark lands to rear ;
 A warfare new, his noble task to teach,—
 Salvation, thro' a Saviour's death, to preach.
 True courage this—no perils on the way,
 This righteous man's undaunted course can stay,
 The gifts and talents God has freely given,
 And life's best years does he devote to heaven.
 In China's distant and benighted land,
 To preach the word he takes his glorious stand,
 Until her sons forsake each idol shrine,
 Deep in their souls receive the gift divine,
 And bless the messenger, whose kindly voice
 Dispell'd their darkness—bids their souls rejoice

In the blest prospect of a world of light,
When from this earth the spirit takes its flight.
Tho' in his peril 'tis not ours to share,
For him we breathe an earnest heartfelt prayer.
When at the throne of grace we humbly bend,
We'll think of him as some dear absent friend,
Whose life obedient to God's holy laws,
Is spent most cheerfully in that great cause,
To spread Jehovah's sacred name abroad,
In word and deed to glorify the Lord.

“THE ALHAMBRA.”

*Where are thy pomps Alhambra, earthly sun
That had no rival and no second?—gone!*

*The spear and diadem from thee are gone,
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne!—Croly.*

“*Alhambra*” signifies “the red,” and the fortress is so called from the colour of its buildings; it was founded by Mohammed Alamin, one of the Moorish kings, in 1346. It is still one of the chief attractions of Granada, and though deserted, retains much of its ancient splendour.
—A Summer in Andalusia.

Thy towers, far fam'd Alhambra,
In lofty grandeur rise,
'Neath which in golden splendour
A lovely prospect lies;
Here, in untrain'd luxuriance
The clustering olive grows,
There, yonder chain of mountains,
Gleam with perpetual snows.

What beauty still surrounds thee,
Relic of days gone by,
Thy walls do still bear record
Of Moorish chivalry ;
Here, in the joust and tournament,
Shone many a valiant knight,
From yonder darken'd lattice
Look'd many a lady bright.
Within these halls forsaken,
Which echo to our tread,
In regal pomp and grandeur
Was the princely banquet spread ;
Still, 'mid the lapse of centuries,
How beautiful they seem,
Reminding us of old romance,
Of some bright Arabian dream.
These light aërial columns,
But slightly touch'd by time,
Still with a soften'd radiance
In the brilliant sunbeams shine ;
They tell of courtly merriment,
Once heard amid these halls ;
Deeds of malignant cruelty
Yon dungeon vault recalls.
Here, roses still in beauty bloom,
The glittering fountains play,

But no bright forms these courts illume,
 Or listen to the lay,
 Of knight or wandering troubadour,
 Whose eloquent guitar
 Woke thoughts of sadness or delight
 From tales of love and war.
 No, all is changed—when from the land
 Spain did the Moor expel,
 Her arts and commerce soon declined,
 Her power and empire fell ;
 And now a pleasure-seeking race,
 Most sensual and vain,
 By wrong and crime the land deform,
 And her fair lustre stain.
 But nature still asserts her power
 To captivate the mind,
 And speaks in sweet harmonious strains
 God's love to all mankind ;
 Alas ! on cold unfeeling hearts
 The choicest blessings fall,
 How seldom does thanksgiving rise
 To the great Lord of all !
 Fell superstition closely binds
 In bondage dark and dire,
 Minds that perchance to higher things
 Would willingly aspire.

Farewell, far fam'd Alhambra !

Relic of ancient days,

Long may thy turrets gleam afar

To meet th' admiring gaze

Of those who ever love to dwell

On greatness now no more,

Ruins of majesty and grace

That gleam on every shore.

ON VISITING THE CRYSTAL PALACE,
AND LEAVING IT BY MOONLIGHT.

I heard the sound of thronging feet
 Within the crystal halls,
I saw the gorgeous draperies float
 From its transparent walls ;
The fountains sent their glitt'ring spray
 Above the galleries fair,
My eye survey'd with one wide glance,
 All objects rich and rare.
Above the sound of whizzing wheels,
 The tread of busy feet,
The organs with tremendous peal
 Our coming seemed to greet ;
We wander'd on—at every turn
 New wonders met our astonished gaze,
New beauties did our eyes behold
 Engraven now on memory's page.
Forms of surpassing grace were there,
 Triumphs of man's creative power,
And gems whose lustre rich and rare
 Might well have form'd a monarch's dower ;

From a far distant eastern clime,
 Where many a curious art is known,
 Were things of exquisite design,
 And that most gorgeous ivory throne.
 The "Koh-i-noor" that wond'rous gem
 Of our victorious arms the prize,
 Fit for an emperor's diadem,
 Attracted then a thousand eyes ;
 Its history was known to few
 Of all that gazing motley throng,
 They scarce could deem those legends true
 So full of treachery and wrong.
 We gazed down from the galleries' height
 Upon the multitude below,
 It was in truth a wond'rous sight,
 Like some vast ocean's ebb and flow ;
 Their mingled voices rose on high
 Like murmurings of the distant main,
 Nations had gather'd there to vie,
 And industry's reward obtain.
 The hours, like moments, seem'd to fly,
 While wandering thro' that brilliant scene,
 We left it with a parting sigh
 Due to some fascinating dream.
 As we emerged, a glorious sight
 Of stream and woodland met our gaze,

Illumin'd by the silvery light
 Of the moon's first pale quivering rays ;
 We turn'd to take a last farewell
 Of that transparent crystal dome,
 When rising with majestic swell,
 O'er it the queen of evening shone.
 It was a most enchanting scene,
 That memory never can forget,
 And down the Serpentine's broad stream
 Some fairy boats were gliding yet,
 And then a question deep I heard
 Unto my inmost soul address'd,
 Distinct was every thrilling word,
 " Which lov'st thou—art or nature best ? "
 Oh ! art is wondrous, I replied,
 Great works has industry achieved,
 Its power is spreading far and wide,
 But yet my heart is not deceived ;
 Oh ! what with nature can compare,
 The glorious handywork of God ?
 Those stars his glory now declare,
 These flowers amid the grassy sod,
 Have all a mystery of their own,
 Unfathom'd by the loftiest mind,
 Which one Great Being reads alone,
 Whose boundless skill their forms design'd.

THOUGHTS

Occasioned by viewing the escritoire of Napoleon.

This most curious piece of furniture is beautifully inlaid; from the centre draws out a large arm-chair, covered with green velvet; by touching various spring fastenings, numerous secret drawers and closets are discovered, where the Emperor kept his state papers, &c. The front can be used as a writing-desk, and when not wanted the whole shuts up like a bureau; it is valued at £700, and is now for sale in London.

Yes, there he sat, who thought to grasp the world
 Within the hollow of his mighty hand;
 Whose blood-red banner ne'er in peace was furl'd,
 Whose name spread terror thro' each trembling
 land.

What mighty schemes did his capacious mind
 In thought here execute—nations o'erthrown,
 And kings in captive fetters here did bind,
 While he obtain'd usurping power alone.
 All Europe trembled, as his conqu'ring arms
 Resounded fearlessly from shore to shore,

Well might the nations shake with wild alarms,
 And feel a terror never known before.
 His conqu'ring banner wav'd o'er Alpine heights,
 And fiercely gleam'd amid Siberian snows ;
 Swift as the eagle, was his rapid flight,
 And from his track what groans of anguish rose.

His was a mind of adamant mould,
 Dark deeds of cruelty and crime unfold ;
 Ambition reign'd most paramount within,
 And urged him onward in the ways of sin.
 Yes, there he sat, absorb'd in anxious thought,
 His passions here were oft to frenzy wrought ;
 Alone with dark and solitary pride,
 To mar his schemes, he heav'n and earth defied,
 Obey'd ambition's summons, to resign
 The one whose love most firmly did entwine
 Around his rugged nature—heard no sighs,
 If on the woes of others he could rise
 To sole dominion over land and sea,
 And the world own his wide supremacy.
 Where is the plotter ? where the boaster now ?
 Written above is his most impious vow ;
 But he is gone—his guilty soul has fled,
 And will appear at that tribunal dread,
 To answer for his crimes—will know too late
 That one Great Being watches o'er the fate

Of all his creatures—and will then bestow
The just reward of their past lives below ;
Most awful thought !—but how supremely just
To those who in the god of this world place their trust,
And worship mammon at the sacred shrine
Which bears the impress of a power divine ;
For every child of God may clearly see,
Thro' all his works, the glorious Deity !

RESIGNATION.

'Tis best for thee, 'tis best for thee,
 The road decreed by God,
 His matchless wisdom thou can'st see,
 And bless the chast'ning rod ;
 The syren, pleasure, tried to lure
 Thy thoughts from higher things,
 Hard was the suffering to endure,
 But from it blessing springs.

'Tis best for thee, 'tis best for thee,
 Tho' dark appears the scene,
 To what bright fancy hoped might be
 In youth's delusive dream ;
 Tho' fortune may not seem to smile
 On life's uncertain way,
 Fewer temptations now beguile,
 Or lead our steps astray.

Be still, be patient, and fulfil
 Thy duties day by day,
 Resign'd to God's almighty will,
 For strength and succour pray ;

Oh ! then where'er thy lot be cast,
 Whatever ills betide,
 Thou'lt gaze with comfort on the past,
 Trust more that heavenly guide.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

ST. MARK, v. 35 to 43.

*Suggested by a beautiful painting of the subject
 exhibited at the Pantheon.*

In death's cold grasp the Jewish maiden lay,
 The last faint hues of life had pass'd away ;
 For ever clos'd seem'd those once speaking eyes,
 For ever hush'd those sad convulsive sighs ;
 The heavy braids of her dark lustrous hair
 Hung listless o'er a brow still pure and fair ;
 Beauty still linger'd on that pallid cheek,
 A holy calm upon those eyelids meek ;
 Tho' that young heart was still'd—no eager throes
 Responded now, to human joys or woes ;

How touching is that mother's silent grief,
 No tears of anguish come to her relief ;
 Behold that form array'd in purple pride,
 Bow'd to the earth, since his lov'd daughter died ;
 He feels that riches and that pomp are vain,
 They cannot bring her spirit back again.
 But, lo ! a form of majesty appears,
 Which wakes at once their anxious hopes and fears,
 A heavenly lustre on His forehead high,
 Denotes at once His power and deity,
 It cheers the darkness of that silent room,
 Disperses at once its dreariness and gloom.
 There was a pause—and then the thrilling words,
 “ Maiden arise ! ” the sorrowing parents heard ;
 The hue of health on their dead daughter's cheek,
 Returning life and consciousness bespeak,
 Those lids unclos'd, and then in all her charms,
 She bless'd once more her joyful parents' arms.
 But ere their treasure to their hearts they press'd,
 Behold them kneeling to their heavenly guest,
 With wondering gratitude they know and feel,
 That Christ has power, not alone to heal,
 But raise the silent and unconscious dead,
 When ev'ry spark of quick'ning life has fled.
 Behold them kneel, with ev'ry cloud dispell'd,
 Which once their minds in midnight darkness held,

The truest light their Saviour's acts afford,
That he alone is their expected Lord,
Come from His throne of majesty above,
On the swift wings of mercy and of love,
To save the guilty,—and whose blood alone
For sinful man's transgressions can atone ;
Oh ! wondrous love, too high for mortal ken,
Those grateful parents did acknowledge then ;
And now, ascended to his throne on high,
He hears the contrite sinner's earnest cry,
Restores to life the soul that long has been
Dead, from the weight of trespasses and sin ;
“ Arise and live ! ” His accents still proclaim,
Nor are those gracious accents breath'd in vain.

THE TAJ-MEHAL, BY MOONLIGHT.

The Taj-Mehal was erected at Agra, by Sultan Jehoe, in memory of his favourite wife Zemani; its building is said to have cost £750,000. It represents a mosque of an octagonal form, with lofty arched entrances, which, together with the four minarets that stand at the corners of the terrace, are all of white marble. The principal dome rises to the height of 260 feet. In the principal apartment stand two sarcophagi, of which one contains the remains of the Sultan, the other those of his favourite. The lower part of the apartment, as well as the two sarcophagi, are covered with costly Mosaics of precious stones. A marble lattice-work, six feet high, surrounding the tombs, is a master-work of art. Although the building has been erected 250 years, it is as perfect as if just finished.

Pearl of the East ! how tranquil and serene
 Thy beauties rise, 'mid foliage rich and green,
 Bath'd in the glories of an eastern night,
 Each dome and minaret suffus'd with light ;
 Say, wert thou rais'd by the magician's hand,
 Our wond'ring admiration to demand ?
 Ah ! no, thou wert by true affection rear'd,
 A grand memorial, to one endear'd

By ties of sacred and connubial love,
 When early summon'd to the courts above.
 Nor gold, nor gems, the sorrowing monarch spar'd,
 To honour her who once his greatness shar'd;
 And now he sleeps beside his lovely bride,
 That firm attachment death can not divide.
 How light the tracery of that marble screen,
 Thro' which the gorgeous tombs are dimly seen,
 Flashing with jewell'd ornaments, whose blaze
 Attracts with wonder every stranger's gaze,
 Whose light is scatter'd on the pavement fair,
 Inlaid with agate and with jasper rare.
 At this fair shrine the Moslem loves to pray;
 Behold that prostrate group in rich array,
 A lustre trembles from yon lamp on high,
 Upon their robes of bright and varied dye;
 What are these glories to th' unconscious dead?
 They'd sleep as calmly 'neath a grassy bed,
 Where our beloved ones are often laid,
 O'er whose remains affection's wealth is paid;
 More bright and pure is many a mourner's tear,
 Than jewels scatter'd in profusion here.
 Farewell! thou lovely and ethereal dome,
 Since thou wert rear'd two centuries have flown,
 Yet still thy walls are pure, and dazzling bright
 As some fair angel's lustrous robe of light.

SOLITUDE.

We may dwell in a crowd, with no soothing voice
To share in our sorrows, or with us rejoice ;
The votaries of pleasure on light buoyant wing,
Before us may pass, but no solace bring ;
If no heart with true love, or friendship sincere,
In those brilliant hours be hovering near,
In the crowd we may look for enjoyment in vain,
The mirth that surrounds us will add to our pain ;
For the soul will be plung'd in its loneliest mood,
And a voice will then whisper of solitude.

In that lonely cottage upon the bleak moor,
Altho' to the eye it seem abject and poor,
Contentment and love together may dwell,
Creating a joy that no clouds can dispel ;
The hopes of ambition ne'er enter'd that cot,
Corroding the hearts that rejoice in their lot,
Undazzled, unscath'd, by its meteor-like rays,
Contented they live to the end of their days ;
And on that lone moor, in that dwelling so rude,
No voice ever whisper'd of solitude.

LINES

*Addressed to my dear Brother and Sister, on the
loss of their much loved infant, who died at
Loodianah, on the 30th of March, 1852, after
a short illness.*

What tears of bitter anguish fall
O'er that dear infant, called away ;
Fain would those sorrowing hearts recall
The spirit to its home of clay.

Flow on awhile, ye sacred tears !
Or else those mourning hearts will break ;
But lo ! a gleam of light appears,
From its fair lustre, comfort take.

Behold your child in realms above,
A cherub near his Maker's throne ;
There is the treasure of your love,
Oh ! fix your hopes where he is gone.

In that abode of perfect joy,
A blest reunion then you'll know,

Where love exists without alloy,
And tears of sorrow never flow.

And all whose faith and humble trust
Is child-like and submissive here,
Will mingle with the true and just,
And never more know doubt or fear.

Stainless, and innocent, and pure,
That sinless soul has wing'd its flight,
No wrong or suffering can endure
In regions of celestial light.

Think, think of this, and may your grief
Be sanctified, subdued, resign'd,
'Twill give your stricken hearts relief,
Peace, the world gives not, you will find.

He is at rest, and ne'er can know
A pang, a sorrow, or a tear;
Snatch'd from that pilgrimage of woe
That all must tread, who sojourn here.

He shares a heavenly Father's love,
Far, far beyond the starry skies,
His happy spirit dwells above,—
To those blest mansions lift your eyes.

Tho' a dark veil obscures our sight,
 Some beams of radiance chase the gloom,
 And with their cheering lustre light
 The dreary pathway to the tomb.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

Ye beautiful fair blossoms !
 Pure as the mountain snow,
 O'er wood and vale, o'er hill and brake,
 Your perfumed flow'rets blow ;
 Earth wears no more her wint'ry garb,
 Clad in bright hues of green,
 While e'en as spotless bridal wreaths,
 Your star-like blossoms gleam.

We gaze upon the lovely boughs,
 With an admiring eye,
 Yet as their perfume we inhale,
 Our bosoms heave a sigh ;
 For all that's beautiful must fade,
 And vanish from our sight,
 E'en as these flow'rets that now fill
 Our senses with delight.

And moments, like May blossoms,
 Survive in memory's cell,
 They come back to the weary heart,
 Refreshing truths to tell ;
 Of the bounding step and gay delight,
 When our souls were light and free,
 As joyous as the aspect now
 Of woodland, hill and lea.

May blossoms ! fair May blossoms !
 Your bright but transient bloom,
 Recalls a young and lovely form
 Now sleeping in the tomb ;
 Who prized your spotless purity,
 Your perfume breathing flowers.
 And loved to wander undisturbed,
 'Mid nature's fairy bowers.

In the spring-time she departed—
 And ev'ry flower and tree,
 Brings back her well known image
 With lively truth to me ;
 A moment—and my spirit
 Owns the sad and solemn spell,
 While o'er the incense-breathing earth,
 There comes a funeral knell.

Fair flowers, and ye too must fade !

But while your beauties last,

We hail you as the lovely links

That bind us to the past ;

And a type of future glory

In your snowy blossoms trace,

When the just in robes of brightness

Shall behold their Maker's face.

THE STORM.

*“ In every storm that either frowns or falls,
 What an asylum has the soul in prayer !
 And what a fane is this in which to pray !
 And what a God must dwell in such a fane ! ”*
 Night Thoughts, I. X.

The thunder rolls ! an awful sound
 Like chariot wheels is heard on high,
 The light’ning fiercely plays around,
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.

What darkness veils the evening sky
 Disclosing gleams of living fire,
 The arrows of th’ Almighty fly,
 Whither we tremble to inquire.

Hark ! what a mighty crash was there,
 And what a stream of lurid light !
 Deep from our hearts ascends a prayer
 For travellers on this awful night.

Tho’ fearful th’ Almighty’s power,
 His loving-kindness never fails ;

When judgment comes, and tempests lower,
His boundless mercy still prevails.

Sinners may tremble, when they hear
That voice of power shake the sky ;
But Christians ye have nought to fear,
Your Heavenly Father reigns on high.

Tho' giant trees be rent in twain,
And living creatures doom'd to die,
Still trust in His almighty name,
To Him for timely succour cry.

When like a parch'd and with'ring scroll
The trembling earth shall flee away,
Tho' awe may shake the faithful soul,
That God all anxious fears will stay.

There comes a hush upon the storm,
An answer, like that "still small voice,"
Which on the resurrection morn
Will bid each righteous soul rejoice.

LINES

*On viewing the Cottage at Clevedon, for some time
the residence of the poet Coleridge.*

Yes, here he dwelt, 'mid nature's sylvan scenes,
Here, oft indulged in bright poetic dreams,
Here, in complete retirement, did he find,
Food for his vigorous and expansive mind ;
The verdant hills with graceful foliage crown'd,
The rustic dwellings scatter'd all around,
The lowing herds, the pleasant hum of bees,
Cast silent pleasure o'er his reveries ;
The brilliant flowers of summer's fervid noon
For him with perfect lov'liness did bloom ;
All shone resplendent with bright fancy's rays,
All shadow'd forth their Great Creator's praise.
Oft on the beach in silent thought he lay,
Watching with rapture the decline of day,
Until the evening's solitary star,
'Mid fields of azure, glimmer'd from afar,
And the fair moon a liquid brightness gave
To the calm motion of each silvery wave.

And doubtless oft his pensive footsteps stray'd,
 At twilight's hour, beneath the pine trees' shade,
 Whose perfum'd branches waving to and fro,
 Delicious coolness shed o'er all below.
 Coleridge ! thy genius hallows every spot,
 It sheds a lustre on this lowly cot,
 The humble porch, the patriarchal tree,
 Remind us now most forcibly of thee.

THE PALM OF THE DESERT.

In lonely grandeur a palm tree grew,
 Its fan-like leaves wore an emerald hue,
 At noon, they were still as the sable plume,
 Which to mourners speaks of the silent tomb,
 But as night drew on, the ambient air,
 Crept through those branches and revell'd there.

Not a tree, not a shrub, could the wand'ring eye,
 O'er the scorching, arid waste descry ;
 Alone it stood in its stately pride,
 The howling tempest as yet defied,

Like a spirit whose strength is native worth,
Which bears it above the storms of earth.

The Arab loves 'neath its shade to rest,
His tent is pitch'd 'neath its feathery crest ;
When nightfall comes, the soothing sigh
Of its spreading branches is heard on high ;
The swarthy band are soon hush'd in sleep,
Forgotten is toil in those slumbers deep.

The palm tree like some exalted mind,
From low and earthly things refin'd,
Stands firm and secure, 'mid the tempest's blast,
And a friendly shelter does ever cast,
When the fierce hot wind comes sweeping by,
That living creatures dooms to die.

It comes, it comes, like an angel of wrath,
And woe to the being that stands in its path ;
Prostrate the boldest and strongest lie,
As they feel its burning breath draw nigh ;
And powerless then is the blood-stain'd hand
Of the fiercest amid the Arab band.

Tho' man may fall, the stately tree
Still boldly stands, unscath'd and free,

Like a noble nature true and just,
Who in God reposes most perfect trust,
Tho' life be drear as the desolate plain,
And hope refuses to smile again.

The warm heart still has blessings to give,
It can bid the weary and way-worn live,
Beneath its shadow they may repose,
And a solace find for their heaviest woes ;
For sympathy's tone has a greater charm,
Than the breeze that waves thro' the desert palm.

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FAITH.

As children, should our footsteps tread,
Led by a father's hand,
Until His wisdom shall disclose
The brighter, better land ;
What tho' the shades of darkness fall
Upon life's changing way ?
We know behind those shifting clouds
Dwells everlasting day.

We walk by faith—for mortal sight
Is far too frail and weak,
To view the glories of that land
Which here on earth we seek ;
Yet oft to patient, waiting souls,
A foretaste here is given
Of what will be the blessed lot
Of those made meet for heaven.

It is the fruit of contrite prayer,
Breath'd from the humble mind,
In trusting to a father's care,
What happiness we find ;

Then beams of comfort seem to shine
 Upon the broken heart,
 Bright rays of glory, which, we trust,
 Will never more depart.

How short is life's uncertain span,
 For works of faith and love,
 Yet oft the things of this vain world,
 Veil those bright realms above ;
 So weak our strength, unless sustained
 By that o'erruling power,
 For whose assistance we should pray,
 Thro' ev'ry circling hour.

Why should our trembling footsteps tire,
 When thorny seems the way,
 And painful obstacles we meet,
 In journeying day by day ?
 Oh ! let us view by faith the cross
 Our great Redeemer bore,
 And meekly following in his steps,
 Find peace for evermore.

THE LONELY HEART.

The lonely heart may brave awhile
The world's cold chilling breath,
But moments come, which bring with them
The dreariness of death ;
The hopes of early youth come back
With many a golden dream,
Those glitt'ring bubbles, doom'd to sink
Beneath life's turbid stream.

While gazing on those hues of light,
The young heart throbs with pleasure,
Things that most frail and fleeting are,
It prizes above measure ;
No thoughts of treachery or guile
O'ercloud the beauteous scene,
Till some rude storm comes hurrying on
To quench hope's radiant beam.

The lonely heart in silence pines
For some warm kindred breast,
A refuge from the chilling world,
Where it may safely rest ;

And find an answering echo sent
 O'er sympathy's deep chords,
 Those aspirations often felt,
 But seldom breath'd in words.

It longs for interchange of thought
 On high ennobling themes,
 Things that have an immortal birth,
 Illum'd with heaven's own beams ;
 In bonds of sweet communion join'd,
 Would fancy take her flight,
 And ponder o'er creation's works
 With profit and delight.

The lonely heart in solitude
 Its murmurings strives to still,
 But yet in memory's ear they sound
 Like some sequester'd rill,
 Which in a sad deserted spot,
 Where all is silent round,
 Makes in the dreary wilderness
 A low and wailing sound.

'Tis nature's voice that speaks within,
 And e'en the chasten'd heart,
 Feels at some seasons it is hard
 With cherish'd things to part ;

Tho' faith with angel finger points
 To that bright world on high,
 Where we may meet the lost and dear,
 Where love can never die.

TRUTH.

Seraph of immortal beauty,
 Scattering blessings o'er the earth,
 Making clear each path of duty,
 Who can estimate thy worth?
 From that angel brow is beaming
 Virtue's mild benignant ray,
 O'er life's darkest moments gleaming,
 Chasing error's gloom away.
 Fain would thy bright presence lighten
 Shades that gather o'er our youth,
 For, when seen, thy beams can heighten
 Life's young pleasures, heavenly truth.
 Safe, 'neath thy protecting power,
 We detect each artful snare,

Shun each fair tho' poisonous flower,
Prize those guarded by thy care.
When the soul in sin's dark prison
Deeply feels its guilt and pain,
Thou appearest like a vision,
To unloose the captive's chain.
To the pilgrim and the stranger
Passing thro' this vale of tears,
Thou art near in every danger,
To dispel all anxious fears.
Blessed spirit, let me never
Wander from the narrow way,
Be my guardian angel ever
To the realms of endless day.

TWILIGHT.

*“ And thus, oh ! twilight, may the spirit learn
 From thy fond stillness, what the day denies.
 Now memory too, divinest mourner, wakes
 The soul’s romance, till years of verdant joy
 Revive, and bloom around the heart once more,
 Bright forms, by greeting childhood so beloved ! ”*
 Montgomery’s Messiah.

I love the twilight hour,
 When thought resumes her sway,
 And paints with magic power
 Things that have pass’d away ;
 When fading in the west,
 The hues of sunset die,
 Thou art a welcome guest,
 True, faithful memory !

And oft at twilight’s hour
 Do childhood’s days come back,
 I gather many a flower
 From life’s sweet early track,
 When all the world seemed bright
 With rays of truth and love,
 And o’er my soul came light
 Reflected from above.

At that still solemn hour
My Father's voice I hear,
It speaks to me with power
In accents mild and clear ;
Again those arms of love
Around his child are cast,
He points to worlds above
And joys that ever last.

And oft at twilight's hour
Past pleasures I recall,
Tho' fleeting, they had power
The young heart to enthrall ;
The words affection breath'd
Into my list'ning ear,
Which firmly were believ'd
As heartfelt and sincere.

At twilight's witching hour
Does friendship's broken chain,
By memory's soothing power
Seem to unite again ;
Nor can time's chilling breath
Those sacred bonds dis sever,
We know that after death
They will exist for ever.

I love at twilight's hour
To watch the ruddy blaze,
Tho' wintry storms may lower,
It brings back other days ;
The fitful shadows cast
Upon yon pictur'd wall,
Bring memories thick and fast,
Our childhood's joys recall.

And oft when twilight steals
Into the silent room,
Sublimar thought reveals
A world beyond the tomb ;
Where shadows never come,
And hues of twilight cease,
Our everlasting home
Of happiness and peace.

THE BROKEN HEART.

The whole of this sad story is strictly true, the subject being taken from the "Diary of a Late Physician," by Samuel Warren, F.R.S.— Captain —— was killed at Waterloo, about the time that his affianced bride saw the singular vision described in the following lines, while singing at a brilliant assembly, which her kind but misjudging friends persuaded her to join. The effect of the vision, and its fulfilment, proved too great a shock to her previously over excited nerves, and after short, but severe, mental and bodily sufferings, she expired.

She sat amid the glitt'ring throng
 With thoughtful eye, and sadden'd mien;
 No charms for her had dance or song,
 Plunged in that melancholy dream.
 She thought of one whose image fill'd
 With tenderness her youthful heart,
 Which late with agony had thrill'd,
 When fate decreed that they should part;
 What peril might surround him now
 Upon a hostile, distant shore,

A cloud came o'er her lovely brow,
 She seem'd to hear the cannons' roar.
 "Oh! wherefore, wherefore am I here,
 Amid festivity to-night?"
 She said, and dash'd away a tear,
 While in her ear rung laughter light;
 "And will you sing that charming song,
 That we so recently admired?"
 Was asked by one amid that throng,—
 She rose and did as they desired.
 Her fingers ran along the keys,
 The air was plaintive, wild, and sweet,
 Anxious those thoughtless ones to please,—
 Her heart the while with anguish beat.
 How hard the struggle was within
 To tune her voice to that light strain,
 When her whole being was with him
 Far, far across the dark blue main.
 She heeded not th' applauding train
 That gather'd round that lay to hear,
 To her the task was fraught with pain,
 At length she gave a cry of fear:—
 "I see him on the battle plain,
 Surrounded by his deadly foes,
 His gallant efforts prove in vain,
 He falls! he falls! his life-blood flows!"

The hues of death o'erspread her face,
 While gazing on that vision dread,
 Which none save her sad self could trace,
 Then in a swoon droop'd her fair head.
 As falls some lovely fragrant flow'r,
 Lifeless appear'd her youthful form;
 Too fragile to resist the power
 Of sorrow's dark and sudden storm.
 What consternation fill'd each guest!
 They bore her from the festive room,
 Sorrow pervaded many a breast,
 They all dispers'd oppress'd with gloom.
 From that dread hour her strength decay'd,
 Transfix'd by sorrow's keenest dart,
 Her pallid cheek and brow display'd
 The anguish of a breaking heart.
 "His spirit calls me," she would cry,
 "Those accents come from worlds above,"
 Then from her bosom she would sigh,
 "I come, I come, my only love!"
 Ere long the vision was fulfill'd,
 Alas! its import prov'd too true,
 In death her hero's heart was still'd,
 Upon the field of Waterloo.
 Those tidings were the fatal stroke,
 Her's was a silent hopeless grief;

"That I could weep," she faintly spoke,
 "No tears will come to my relief.
 This burden is too great to bear,
 Oh ! that I had the strength to pray ;"
 She drooped as if in mute despair,
 Her suffering spirit pass'd away.

STANZAS.

I see her now, as once she shone,
 A star amid the brilliant throng,
 With heart and step so light and free,
 That told of innocence and glee ;
 Oft have I paus'd, as she drew near,
 Her gay and joyous laugh to hear,
 As gliding thro' the mazy dance,
 I caught her bright eyes' radiant glance.

Her voice, whose melody had power
 To charm away the fleeting hour,
 With tones so tender, sweet and clear,
 In cheerful songs no more I hear ;

For clouds have dimm'd life's early day,
Across her path no sunbeams play,
The world seems cloth'd in darkest night,
To her who once made all things bright.

I see her now, that tearful eye
Mourns days of happiness gone by,
When one more dear than all beside
Gaz'd with a lover's partial pride,
And spoke those words she deem'd sincere,
Too oft in her attentive ear ;
She listens for those tones in vain,
They never will come back again.

When night o'er all created things,
Her glittering veil of starlight flings,
Then memories once so dear arise
With painful truth before her eyes ;
Like some delusive haunting dream
Those visions of the past now seem,
And then her sad dejected heart
Feels cold desertion's keenest smart.

That cheek so pale, that heavy eye,
Reveal their own sad history,
They speak of a warm heart deceiv'd,
By one, how trusted and believ'd !

Whose words were lately wont to flow
With fond affection's fervid glow ;
But like the sunset's golden ray,
In darkness now have passed away.

Oh ! may the balm of heavenly love
Descend from brighter worlds above,
The anguish of her grief control,
And make that wounded spirit whole ;
May peace illumine her mind once more,
Its wonted cheerfulness restore,
And happier and serener joy
The memory of the past destroy.

THE DRUID'S STONES, NEAR KESWICK, SEEN BY MOONLIGHT.

In a field adjoining the old road to Penrith, and a mile and a half from Keswick, are the remains of a Druidical temple, popularly named "The Druid's Stones." These interesting memorials of the primeval age of Britain consist of forty-eight rude, unhewn blocks of granite, thirty-eight of which are disposed in an oval figure; the largest of the stones is not more than seven feet in height. The situation of the temple was well chosen, seated in the neighbourhood of the highest mountains, whose clouded summits impended over the sacrificial altar, and cast obscure shadows over its precincts; hither the trembling worshipers repaired, to hear and acknowledge the teachings and denunciations of their potent masters.

The Druid's temple!—how supremely grand,
'Mid vale and mountain these rude relics stand,
And o'er each hoary moss-encumber'd stone,
A mellow lustre from the moon is thrown;
And in the midst yon group of stately trees,
Whose branches sighing in the evening breeze

Seem like the accents of some whisper'd prayer,
Borne faint and far, upon the summer air.
What wond'rous changes has our island seen,
Since white-rob'd Druids clad in mystic green,
With flashing eye and wild barbaric air,
Did here the ghastly sacrifice prepare;
Too lovely scenes for such inhuman rites,
Where every object yields intense delights;
While on the changing shadows thus we gaze,
Each passing moment some fresh charm displays.
Long has that heathen darkness pass'd away,
Yet while we gaze upon these fragments grey,
What thoughts of gratitude ascend to Him,
Who gave His life an offering for sin;
In blind delusion worshipp'd once our sires,
Where softly gleam the sacred village spires,
And we are blest to see a nobler creed,
Those days of dark idolatry succeed;
We humbly bend before a purer shrine,
And own the mercy of a power Divine,
Who sends the riches of His spirit down,
That we may win an everlasting crown.

STANZAS

On the death of the Duke of Wellington, who expired at Walmer Castle, September 17, 1852, in the 84th year of his age.

“ England’s hero is no more !
 He has clos’d his days in peace,”
 Echoes now from shore to shore,—
 When will those deep murmurs cease ?

Never will they die away—
 O’er him rests the wreath of fame,
 And Britannia’s children pay,
 Well earn’d homage to his name.

England’s champion is no more !
 Who surviv’d a hundred fights,
 Safe amid the cannon’s roar,
 While defending England’s rights.

Calmly did his eagle eye,
 Penetrate the smoke and flame,
 While he bade the squadrons fly,
 Certain victory to gain.

England's patriot is no more !

Finish'd is that bright career,
British hearts his death deplore,
And his glorious name revere.

Grateful memory bids us pay,

O'er his bier a tribute due,
To his prowess on that day,
Which gain'd the field of Waterloo.

Crush'd was the usurper's power,

Vanquish'd by our conqu'ring arms,
Wellesley's name prov'd a strong tower,
To protect from wild alarms.

England's hero is no more !

Wealth and honours crown'd his days,
Grief resounds from shore to shore,
Bards delight to sound his praise.

ENGLAND'S LAST TRIBUTE TO HER
ILLUSTRIOUS HERO,
ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

Who was interred with great military pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 18th November, 1852. He was attended to his last resting place by the Prince Consort, his gallant companions in arms, and all the great and noble in the land, the service being read by the Rev. Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's.

Hark ! to the deep cathedral bell,
To the roll of the muffled drums !
It is great Wellesley's funeral knell,
On the sad pageant comes.
Toll for the brave and dauntless chief,
For England's noblest son,
Her children feel with bitter grief
His glorious course is run.
See yonder bright and glittering lines,
Who won immortal fame
'Neath his command, till distant climes
Extoll'd our hero's name.

Upon a funeral car, behold,
The aged warrior lies ;
Those sable draperies unfold
His glorious victories.
Behold those martial trophies rest
Upon the hero's bier ;
That gleaming sword and waving crest
Wake many a starting tear.
That sword was drawn in England's cause,
And bravely did maintain,
Our cherish'd liberties and laws,
Gain'd him undying fame.
Beside him move a veteran throng,
His comrades in the field,
Whose courage made battalions strong,
Who'd die but never yield.
Toll for the heart so brave and true !
Who lov'd his country well,
Those martial strains again renew,
Bid the loud requiem swell.
Within the noble, stately fane,
Are gather'd prince and peer,
And many a great illustrious name
Blends with the thousands here.
Behold the hero's wise compeers,
In camp, or grave debate,

Here freely own, thro' lengthen'd years,
 That Wellington was great.
 Warriors and statesmen here are met
 'Neath this high vaulted dome,
 They feel our brightest star has set,
 Our greatest chief is gone ;
 Advancing slow, a reverend band
 Of white-robed prelates come,
 O'er the illustrious corse they stand
 Whose latest victory's won.
 The last great conflict which obtains,
 A crown of bliss on high,
 When the free'd spirit bursts the chains
 Of frail mortality.
 A breathless silence now succeeds,
 Murmurs in silence die,
 While solemnly the Dean proceeds
 To read our Liturgy ;
 And mingled voices of the throng
 In deep response arise,
 Devoutly, ever and anon,
 To worlds beyond the skies.
 Louder the funeral anthem peals,
 A thrilling solemn strain,
 Into the coldest heart it steals
 In that cathedral fane ;

Those waves harmonious bear the soul
Beyond this vale of tears,
And wrapt as by Divine control
It soars to loftier spheres.
“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,”
Devoutly hath been said,
And in the grave with holy trust
Is laid the mighty dead ;
Beneath the tomb his ashes rest,
That frail and mortal part,
Cold is that once courageous breast,
Still'd is that noble heart ;
But his great actions still remain
Enrolled on history's page,
His country's gratitude to claim,
In this and every age.

TEARS OF AFFECTION

*On the death of my dear little niece and nephew,
which occurred at Simla within a few months
of each other; they are buried side by side in
the same churchyard.*

Calm be your slumbers, treasured ones,
 Beneath the grassy sod,
 Ye have left earth's changing shadows
 For the bosom of your God;
 A little while like tender flowers,
 Your beauty did expand,
 Till gently ye were wafted,
 To a brighter, better land.
 Ye are gone to join the angels
 Beyond the starry spheres,
 But blessed ones we mourn you,
 With sad and mortal tears;
 E'en like the glitt'ring dew-drops,
 That melt before the sun,
 As quickly and as brightly,
 Was your earthly journey run,
 And the world before your vision,
 Was array'd in joy and light,

Free from the clouds that gather,
 Round time's remorseless flight.
 Then should our poignant sorrow
 Partake of dark despair ?
 Oh ! no, for ye are seraphs,
 And breathe immortal air ;
 Our faith should soar triumphant,
 From the boundaries of the grave,
 To that great and holy Being,
 Who will strengthen, and will save.
 Far o'er the rolling billows,
 I turn with tearful eye,
 To those scenes of earthly beauty,
 Where our treasured ones now lie ;
 Like guardian spirits watching
 O'er their tranquil calm repose,
 Stand forth those mountain ranges,
 Clad in perpetual snows.
 Oh ! fairer and more glorious,
 Than their rainbow hues of light,
 Is the mantle o'er those spotless ones,
 In a world where all is bright,
 Then on wings of adoration,
 Let our thoughts extatic rise,
 To their dwelling-place of glory,
 Beyond the starry skies.

LINES

Addressed to a friend, on the death of a sister.

Oh ! sorrow not too deeply, tho' the tomb
Has darkly clos'd over her lov'd remains ;
Blend with her memory no sad thoughts of gloom,
But look above where Christ in triumph reigns.

Thither her thoughts did constantly ascend,
She kept in view the Christian's glorious prize,
And now her Saviour and eternal friend,
Welcomes the happy seraph to the skies.

Mourn not too deeply, for her soul has gone
To purer regions, to its native air ;
Deem not thyself forsaken and forlorn,
Thy Lord's compassion thou dost freely share.

He views the anguish of thy spirit now,
On wings of mercy will descend to heal ;
The broken heart that to His will does bow
Will soon abiding consolation feel.

Then will the pages of God's sacred Word,
The truest comfort to thy soul afford,
Truths that each mourner has with rapture heard,
"The dead are blessed who have join'd their Lord."

At Lazarus' tomb, our great Redeemer wept,
And tears of sorrow thou may'st freely shed ;
But glorious hope to thy sad heart is left,
She sleeps in Jesus, with the righteous dead.

TIME.

Youth and sunny hopes are drifting
 Into Time's oblivious sea,
 O'er the past, that mighty ocean
 Heaves its billows ceaselessly ;
 Echoes from that tide are sounding,
 On this world's uncertain shore,
 Waking many a fond remembrance,
 Buried deeply, evermore.

Who can stay Time's restless current ?
 Who arrest its ebb and flow ?
 Mortal power is unavailing,—
 O'er its waves we pilgrims go,
 Drifting on in storm and sunshine,
 Farther from the world's dark shore,
 To that land of light and glory,
 Where no angry tempests roar.

Wherefore should our spirits falter,
 As we stem that ocean's tide ?
 If we sail with hope our pilot,
 And the star of faith our guide,

Tempests cannot drive our vessel,
 On destruction's reefs and shoals ;
 What altho' the barque be shatter'd,
 Safe are our immortal souls.

They are bound for that blest haven,
 Where no stormy billows rave,
 Christ has walked the waves before us,
 His almighty power will save ;
 Yes, by faith's clear light we view him,
 Standing on the eternal shore,
 To receive each way-worn pilgrim,
 Who shall never suffer more.

Let not sunshine then beguile us,
 Let not storms arrest our way,
 But may both allure our spirits,
 Onward to the realms of day ;
 Pause not—it is death to linger
 E'en in thought—our course is clear,
 Traced by an immortal finger,
 Wherefore should we doubt or fear ?

Yes, in weakness we shall triumph !
 If the pray'r of faith ascend,
 We shall walk on Time's wide ocean,
 Safely to our heavenly friend ;

“I am with thee,” will be sounding
 Far above that surging sea,
 Time’s dark billows cannot wander
 To thy depths, eternity !

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Hark ! the glorious Seraphim,
 Join in an immortal strain,
 “Christ is born !” the angels sing,
 “Peace throughout the world shall reign !”

Harmonies pervade the skies,
 And surround the list’ning earth,
 Shepherds hear with glad surprise,
 Tidings of a Saviour’s birth.

“Glory to God !” the angels cry,
 “Glory to God !” ascends above,
 Let the circling echoes fly,
 That proclaim a Saviour’s love.

See yon bright and glitt'ring star,
 Shining o'er that lowly dwelling,
 To the Magi from afar,
 "Tidings of great joy" 'tis telling.

Costly offerings they bring,
 By that orb of beauty led,
 To their prophet, priest, and king,—
 Glory circles round His head.

Ages now have roll'd away,
 Since our Lord's mysterious birth,
 Yet by faith's celestial ray,
 Still we look to heaven from earth.

With the Magi still we kneel,
 Bringing offerings, praise and pray'r;
 Ev'ry heart renew'd must feel,
 That to God they precious are.

Still will man that homage pay,
 Till th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 Bidding clouds dissolve away,
 Showing glitt'ring hosts around.

And amid that glorious train
 Will our risen Lord appear,

Come His chosen ones to claim,
Who have toiled and suffer'd here ;

Come to judge a trembling throng,
Gather'd then to hear their doom,
Confusion will to them belong,
A prospect of eternal gloom.

“ Ye blessed come,” our Lord will cry,
“ Inherit now your heavenly home !”
The white-rob'd saints will soar on high,
And circle round their Saviour's throne.

May we among that righteous train,
At that last dreadful day be found,
Join in the angels' glorious strain,
Nor tremble at the trumpet's sound.

STANZAS

Occasioned by a Dream.

Oh ! 'twas a bright and blessed dream,
For joy I could have wept,
A vision of the absent one,
Came o'er me as I slept;
Who in the spring of youth and hope,
Left his dear childhood's home,
To brave a soldier's varied lot,
In distant climes to roam.

Oh ! welcome was his well-known voice,
He clasped me to his breast,
Once more at our own social board,
He was a joyous guest ;
His eye shone bright as if no tear,
Had dimm'd its radiant light,
His brow was shadowless and clear,
Free from dark sorrow's night.

And long we spoke of bygone times,
And many a well-known theme,

A tide of happy memories
 Came mingling in my dream ;
 The wand'rer had at length return'd,
 To his dear native shore,
 And fancy breath'd those joyful words,
 " He ne'er shall leave it more."

Oh ! in the bliss of meeting thus,
 Long absence was a dream,
 It seem'd that time had wafted us
 But gently down his stream ;
 The tempests that will oft arise,
 To cloud our earthly lot,
 Were in that moment of delight,
 Unthought of and forgot.

Alas ! alas ! 'twas nothing more
 Than a delusive dream,
 For trial has beset his path,
 And darken'd hope's bright beam ;
 Sickness and sorrow oft have come
 Athwart his earthly way,
 Oh ! may they lead his thoughts above
 To never-ending day.

How varied has his pathway been,
 Since that sad parting o'er,

He sailed with silent deep regret,
From England's happy shore ;
In oriental splendour clad,
Has many a pageant pass'd ;
'Mid battle fields and gory strife,
Has his young life been cast.

Oft has he trod the snowy steep,
Of mountains vast and grand,
Which e'en like high cathedral spires,
Or guardian spirits stand ;
And danger brav'd, with fearless step,
To view those summits high,
Those cloud-encircled glorious peaks,
Which cleave the azure sky.

My waking thoughts speak a farewell,
To that delightful dream,
Yet life-like still and full of truth,
Those sleeping fancies seem ;
Oh ! may it be an omen blest,
That prosp'rous days may come,
And bring that absent one at length,
In peace and comfort home.

THE SEA GULL.

Thou art ranging o'er the billows,
With a flight how bold and free,
Thou art resting thy fair pinions,
Upon the stormy sea ;
With the ocean's restless motion,
Thou art rocking to and fro,
The sea-foam is not whiter,
Than thy breast of spotless snow.

Now suddenly thou'rt darting,
Athwart the darken'd sky,
Thou art sending o'er the billows,
Thy melancholy cry ;
A tempest is approaching,
But still thy dauntless flight,
Is seen amid the darkness,
Like a gleam of shining light.

The stately ships may tremble,
Amid the threat'ning gale,
And e'en the stoutest mariner,
May feel his courage fail ;

But safe amid each danger,
 Thou art sailing thro' the blast,
 Far o'er each sinking vessel,
 Far o'er each crashing mast.

On thee the shipwreck'd sailor,
 Oft turns with envious eye ;
 Thy pinions safely navigate,
 The ocean and the sky ;
 While with despairing energy,
 Lash'd to some fragile spar,
 He drifts amid the fury,
 Of the elements' wild war.

I love to watch thy wanderings,
 Fair spirit of the wave,
 Like thee upon faith's pinions,
 Earth's tempests I would brave ;
 When shades are gathering darkest,
 Upon life's changing sea,
 In thought for ever upward,
 I fain would soar like thee.

The darker grows the tempest,
 The bolder is thy flight,
 Like thee, fair bird, I'd follow,
 'Mid sorrow's dreary night ;

Like thee, would range unfearing,
 Amid the lowering sky,
 Draw nearer, and yet nearer,
 To a dwelling-place on high.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

*From a view of Melford Church and its adjacent
 woodland scenery.*

A thousand pleasant memories,
 Blend with this rural scene,
 On which I gaze with loving eyes,—
 There lies the pathway green,
 Which leads to many a woody dell,
 Dear to life's sunny hours,
 Where once 'twas happiness to dwell,
 Amid the birds and flowers.
 How glorious did the spring-time seem
 With all its fragrance sweet,
 Creation was a lovely dream,
 Wild flowers beneath my feet,

In mossy tufts around were spread,
 Sparkling with dewdrops bright,
 As on I went with eager tread,
 And heart with joy how light !
 Those woods were fairyland to me,
 Those flowers how truly dear,
 While warbling on a neighbouring tree,
 The blackbird caroll'd clear ;
 And then the soaring skylark rose
 Up from her downy nest,
 While in the shade I sought repose,
 On nature's verdant breast.
 Oh ! spring within my being dwelt,
 What knew I then of care ?
 My spirit at that moment felt,
 Free as the yielding air,
 Which softly wander'd o'er my check,
 Laden with balmy sighs,
 And every flow'ret seem'd to speak
 Divine moralities.
 The ancient village church appears,
 Clearly before my sight,
 Which faithful memory reveres,
 Bath'd in a holy light ;
 The lancet windows still display,
 Their panes of gorgeous dye,

Shedding a soften'd mellow ray,
Where marble warriors lie.
Welcome sweet scene of rural calm,
I gaze on you once more,
These woods are still diffusing balm,
But cannot now restore,
The spring-time of my soul again,
Ere the world's path I trod,
Yet these fair flow'rets are the same,
They lead my thoughts to God.

REFLECTIONS.

When o'er our life there spreads deceitful calm,
 And hope's bright anchor on this world we cast,
 God, in his mercy, sends a rising storm
 Of dire calamity—the soul unmoors
 From insecure foundations—and we drift
 Hopeless and lorn, into despair's dark sea.
 But oft a still small voice is heard within,
 Which calms at once the elemental strife ;
 Faith's star appears on the horizon dim,
 Guiding our course—we follow where it leads
 Thro' clouds and darkness—which dissolve away
 Before its heavenly brightness—then we feel
 That timely succour comes—no sorrowful regret
 Blends with our gaze across the angry surge
 Through which we're passing—it will bear
 Our spirits on to glory—if we fix
 Our steady gaze on that celestial ray,
 First seen obscurely, thro' the misty haze
 Which clouds our mortal nature—but at length
 With more than noontide splendour bursting forth
 And leading on to everlasting day.

THE RAINBOW.

How darkly yon clouds hover over the ocean,
 And now the thick rain-drops with fury descend;
 But gaze far above with a grateful devotion,
 The bright bow of promise thro' ether extends.

God's message of love to mortals appealing,
 Gleams forth from the midst of those exquisite
 dyes;
 The darkness and gloom but more clearly revealing,
 That symbol of hope shining out of the skies.

How perfect its form ! o'er the billows now bending,
 With light and with glory 'tis spanning the wave;
 It speaks of a Father his children befriending,
 When storms are around them and hurricanes rave.

A herald of mercy it was when appearing,
 O'er the wide waste of waters the deluge had
 made,
 With destruction around, 'twas a beacon how cheer-
 ing,
 Declaring that God had his judgments delay'd.

And thus, when adversity's tempest is sweeping
O'er hearts, and o'er homes, with its loud wailing
sigh ;

We turn from the gloom of the dark night of
weeping,

To a message of mercy reveal'd from the sky.

The rainbow is glorious ! yet see how its beauty

In vapour and cloud is dissolving away ;

But the light of God's Word shows the clear path
of duty,

A beacon whose brightness can never decay.

THE CROMLECH.

Who rear'd these pond'rous blocks of stone,
 By centuries with moss o'ergrown ?
 Like monuments they seem to stand,
 Hewn out by some gigantic hand :
 It was our forefathers of old,
 Who came in crowds from wood and wold,
 To offer sacrifices here,
 At stated periods of the year.
 Methinks I see some Druid's form,
 Dark as an eagle in the storm,
 To heav'n upturn his phrensied eye,
 And strive to read futurity,
 Then raise on high the glitt'ring knife,
 To take away some victim's life,
 The anger of false gods to slake,
 While round the trembling heathen quake,
 Who deem'd their deities appeas'd,
 By such inhuman rites as these.
 What desolation reigns around
 This Cromlech, when the wailing sound
 Of tempests, sweep across the moor,
 Like mystic voices heard of yore ;

Yet still the huge memorial lasts,
Tho' lightning blends with fiercest blasts.
Some deem these giant blocks of stone,
Mark where a mighty chief o'erthrown,
Was hurl'd from out his warrior car,
While round him raged fierce savage war,
And Roman lances shiver'd round,
Leaving him lifeless on the ground.
Perchance the ghosts of heroes slain,
Wander at midnight o'er the plain,
When the clear full moon is riding by,
In all her glorious majesty ;
Such are the dreams that fancy brings,
When stormy night dense darkness flings,
And varying shadows come and go,
Like phantoms moving to and fro ;
And charging hosts we seem to hear,
When bursts the whirlwind on the ear ;
Tho' airy dreams such thoughts as these,
Still the reflecting mind they please.

FANCY.

Fancy is an airy thing,
Flitting on transparent wing,
Sipping sweets from ev'ry flower,
In bright hope's celestial bower.

Like the gossamer it seems,
Sparkling in the sun's bright beams,
Transient as the frost-work found
Trac'd upon the wintry ground.

Fancy, like the wandering bee,
Roams thro' nature's treasury,
Seeking nectar pure and bright,
Oft conceal'd from mortal sight.

Soaring far on vagrant wing,
Like the happy birds in spring,
Who for joy but seldom rest,
Calmly on their downy nest.

Brightly gleams the poet's eye,
As thy shadow passes by,

Thy bright hues are quickly caught,
To illume inspiring thought.

Clasp the vision as it flies,
Gaze on it with loving eyes,
Let its light on memory shine,
Poesy's bright wreaths to twine.

HOME.

Home is a word to loving hearts,
How welcome and how dear!
When breath'd, to life remembrance starts,
And brightest scenes appear;
It is a ray of sunlight cast upon the pilgrim's
way,
When fate decrees in distant climes an exile he
must stray.

Then fancy brings him back again,
To well remember'd days,
He seeks a father's smile to gain,
He hears a mother's praise;

Around the blazing social hearth, brothers and
 sisters meet,
 Assembled there with glowing hearts old Christmas-
 time to greet.

Home is that dear and blessed spot,
 Which we may call our own,
 And when attain'd we envy not
 The monarch on his throne ;
 For oft in gorgeous palaces, that sweet familiar
 word
 Is seldom breath'd—it dies away, like melody un-
 heard.

Alas ! how sad and desolate,
 Are hearts who've never known,
 Amid this ever changing state,
 The happiness of home !
 The world with all its glories a wilderness must
 prove,
 Without those soft enduring joys, the ties of house-
 hold love.

Home brings a deep and settled peace
 We elsewhere seek in vain,
 It bids the mind's distractions cease,
 It soothes the heart's deep pain ;

Affection's mild angelic form there holds unbounded
 sway,
And at her touch the clouds of earth disperse and
 melt away.

The Christian, amid social joy,
 Thinks of a home above,
Where chilling death can ne'er destroy
 The objects of his love ;
And when a Father's hand removes those cherish'd
 ones from sight,
He feels his home no longer here, but in a world of
 light.

ON

THE MARRIAGE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON,

*Emperor of the French, with the Countess Marie
Eugénie de Montejo, on the 30th of January,
1853.*

She hath gone forth array'd in royal pride,
The Emperor's chosen and affianc'd bride,
A jewell'd diadem surrounds her brow,
At the high altar she hath breath'd the vow,
Which links her destiny in one short hour,
To one endued with more than kingly power ;
For good or evil none presume to say,
Who've witness'd this grand pageantry to-day.
A bridal morn is full of hope and fear,
While down the happiest cheek descends a tear
Of silent sorrow, and of mute regret,
For home and kindred we can ne'er forget.
The village maiden, child of nature, knows
The secret source whence this sad tribute flows,
For her full heart she finds awhile relief,
And feels how truly "there is joy in grief."

But yon fair Empress now must school her heart,
 Like a comedian to enact her part,
 To smooth her brow, each starting tear suppress,
 That rises from the spring of tenderness ;
 Who then can marvel at her pallid hue ?
 While passing thus before the curious view
 Of busy multitudes, who throng to gaze
 On beauty, heighten'd by the dazzling rays
 Of regal splendour, which with lavish pride,
 Napoleon scatters o'er his lovely bride.
 Fair Queen ! reflect not in thy bridal hour,
 On those endued like thee with beauty's dower,
 Who on the throne of France were call'd to reign,
 Whose lives were virtuous, and devoid of blame ;
 This could not shield from cruelty's dark course,
 In savage bosoms fail'd to wake remorse ;
 Like famish'd wolves the people long'd for blood,
 From noble veins it flow'd e'en like a flood,
 And Austria's daughter once as fair as thou,
 Upon the scaffold was compell'd to bow.
 Then Josephine, whose pure and blameless life
 Must prove a pattern to each loving wife,
 Was cast from fond affection's lofty throne,
 By dark ambition left to pine alone ;
 Tho' from her faithless lord compell'd to part,
 He still reign'd paramount within her heart,

Which lov'd as truly in the adverse hour,
As when with him she shar'd true regal power.
Oh ! may a fairer destiny be thine,
And gems of happiness thy brow entwine,
Purer than pearls, more glorious and bright
Than diamonds sparkling in the radiant light ;
Let acts of mercy, deeds of Christian love,
Illume thy path, and lead to joys above.

MOUNT HOREB AND MOUNT SINAI,

As seen on the overland route to India.

On Horeb's top, and Sinai's awful brow,
 There rests a holy brightness, even now ;
 By faith's clear light the contemplative eye,
 Still loves to trace the glorious Deity ;
 Each rocky peak and pinnacle sublime,
 With holy radiance still appears to shine ;
 In fancy's ear those thunderings are heard,
 So clearly pictur'd in God's written Word,
 When Israel's tents like countless stars were seen,
 Glittering and golden in the lightning's gleam.
 Oh ! who can paint that dread and awful hour,
 When God descended in His might and power,
 Begirt with clouds too dazzling and bright,
 Too blinding far for erring mortal sight,
 When to the patriarch those commands were given,
 Which to frail man reveal'd the will of heaven.
 Oh ! who can tread the path that Moses trod,
 And fail to trace the ever present God,
 Whose mercy, wider than creation's span,
 Has since descended in the form of man,

Our human griefs and earthly sufferings shar'd,
 And now above hath mansions blest prepar'd,
 For those who follow that celestial light,
 Which he hath left to guide our steps aright,
 O'er every earthly duty it doth gleam,
 With holy lustre and inspiring beam,
 Brighter than sunbeams which serenely rest,
 On Horeb's brow and Sinai's lofty crest.

AN INDIAN MOONLIGHT SCENE.

The Indian women have a custom of repairing to the banks of the Ganges, when the moon is at the full, each with a tiny boat in which a light is burning; these they launch upon the stream; should the light by any accident be extinguished, they consider it a disastrous omen; but should the little vessel containing the sacred element safely reach the opposite shore, success will attend their undertakings.

In eastern climes how glorious is the night!
 Creation slumbers in a robe of light,
 Each leaflet quivering in the silvery beam,
 With dazzling lustre is distinctly seen,

And troops of stars, a fair and goodly train,
 Sparkle like gems across the silent plain ;
 The far off sound of music's festive notes,
 From yonder princely dwelling dimly floats,
 Where a gay crowd of pleasure-seekers meet,
 To watch the dancing girls' light glancing feet,
 While turban'd guests in rich apparel shine,
 And quaff at intervals the rosy wine.
 Far have we left that gay and festive scene,
 To seek the bank of Ganges' mighty stream,
 Where Indian maids in busy crowds repair,
 To read their fate beneath the moonbeams fair ;
 In turn each launches forth a tiny boat,
 Where a pale light is dimly seen to float ;
 Should the frail spark be quench'd or soon expire,
 The maiden loses her fond heart's desire ;
 Its course she watches with an anxious mien,
 Then upward gazes as the lustrous beam
 Lights the frail bark, in which the precious freight,
 Floats slowly onward which decides her fate.
 And sad it is the wild despair to mark,
 Should aught extinguish that frail tremblingspark,
 Which lovers view with sad dejected air,
 As a true omen of distress and care ;
 And thus, with anguish keen, fond memory parts,
 With some rich treasure precious to our hearts,

Its light decays, and we behold it sink,
Leaving us gazing on time's dreary brink.
Life's moonlight is oppress'd with gloomy shade,
Like the sad bosom of the Indian maid ;
Yet upward still we turn with tearful eye,
And gleams of hope are shining in the sky ;
Tho' nought remain of pleasures once so dear,
Still we have light our drooping hearts to cheer ;
No more does earth and fading pleasures bind,
With glittering fetters, the immortal mind,
But higher joys, and aspirations pure,
Are felt within, which evermore endure.

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

Christ has risen from the tomb,
Angels roll'd the stone away,
Thro' the sepulchre's dark gloom,
Shines a bright celestial ray.

When the early morning broke,
To that sepulchre there came
Sorrowing hearts—an angel spoke,
“Ye do seek Him here in vain!”

Dazzling splendour rob'd his form,
As the glorious bright one said,
“Jesus from the tomb has gone,
Seek not the living 'mid the dead!”

Startling as a trumpet's sound,
On their ears those accents fell,
Him they deem'd in grave-clothes bound,
Triumph'd over death and hell.

Tremblingly they enter'd in,
Where their risen Lord had lain,

Who died a sacrifice for sin,
For the world's transgressions slain.

Nought could they discover there,
Save sad vestments of the tomb,
These the glorious truth declare,
'Mid that deep sepulchral gloom.

Death's dark portal open wide
To all true believers stands ;
Thro' the Saviour who has died,
We shall burst death's awful bands.

Sin within our breasts will die,
Following close where Jesus trod,
Till, like Him, we rise on high,
To the presence of our God.

STANZAS.

How often I've gaz'd on a beautiful flower,
 Bespangled with dew from a soft summer shower,
 And thought those bright drops are like childhood's
 sweet tears,
 Compar'd with the griefs of life's dark stormy years.

The flowers that we deem the most delicate, frail,
 Which bend with the tempest, will weather the gale,
 While those which stand proudly, tho' stronger in
 form,
 Are crush'd by the whirlwind and rent by the storm.

'Tis thus with our hearts in the tempest of life,
 The humble are safe 'mid the elements' strife,
 Adversity comes like a cold chilling shower,
 But the meek chasten'd spirit looks up like a flower.

The dark clouds soon vanish—bright sunbeams
 appear,
 Absorbing with glory each sorrowing tear,
 The skies are serene, and peace like a dove,
 Descends on the bosom from realms far above.

O'er the garden of life will dark passions sweep,
With the force of a whirlwind, with voice loud and
 deep,
And roses that shone in the brilliant parterre,
Bereft of their sweetness, lie withering there.

But virtues, like violets, that bloom in the shade,
Are still in their beauty and fragrance array'd ;
O'er the pure air they scatter immortal perfume,—
Round the brows of the blessed hereafter will bloom.

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of Moore.

Bright minstrel of Erin! no more shall thy numbers,
 From the deep gushing fountains of tenderness
 flow ;

The turmoil of earth cannot break on thy slumbers,
 Cold, cold is thy heart to affection's warm glow.

But thy spirit is living; a bright emanation,
 Shines over the world from thy mind's radiant
 light,

Extending its lustre to each distant nation,
 O'er many a home circle, diffusing delight.

Tho' cold in the grave thy form is now lying,
 Our sympathies wake with thy magical power,
 Thro' those melodies sweet thy spirit seems sighing,
 Still we hail thee a guest in each bright social
 hour.

Thy virtues were many ; in tender affection,
 How few, gifted minstrel, with thee can compare,

To those lov'd ones affording support and protection,
Delighting to shield them from sorrow and care.

Oh ! who can forget the soft thrilling emotion,
That over the minds of charm'd listeners crept,
When the voice of the poet, attun'd to devotion,
Was heard gently stirring deep feelings that slept.

Thy course, like a planet most brilliantly shining,
Attracted the world with its dazzling rays,
And friendship's fair blossoms thy pathway entwining,
Illumin'd the darkness of life's closing days.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

From reading the Life of the Rev. H. Martyn.

Farewell ! farewell ! my native land,
 Fast fading in the misty light,
 High on the deck I take my stand,
 With throbbing heart and tearful sight.

A transient gleam of sunlight falls,
 Upon the fast receding shore,
 The lov'd, the cherish'd, it recalls,—
 Bright forms I ne'er can gaze on more.

All lov'd familiar scenes adieu !
 My bleeding heart would fain rebel,
 Which beats with pulses strong and true,
 And feels 'tis hard to say farewell.

The gallant ship with swelling sail,
 Like some fair bird o'er ocean flies ;
 Borne onward by the fav'ring gale,
 England is fading from my eyes.

England, and all my heart holds dear,
 To all I love, a long adieu !
 'Tis vain to check the rising tear,—
 My prayers, dear friends, ascend for you.

The voice of God within my soul,
 Prevails o'er nature's tenderest ties,
 His power my anguish will control,
 To Him my suffering spirit flies.

Mine is a blessed, glorious lot,
 Tho' perils may surround my way,
 On many a savage lonely spot,
 I'll teach the heathen how to pray.

Thro' torrid heat, o'er burning sands,
 The path of duty I pursue,
 Obedient to my Lord's command,
 He will with strength my soul endue.

Thanks be to God who gives me power,
 My home, my kindred, to resign,
 And at this sad and trying hour,
 Supports me with His grace Divine.

The world's distinctions, what are they ?
 They bind with adamant chain,

Drawing the erring soul away,
From the mind's truest, noblest aim.

Praise was like incense to my soul,
When vain and worldly paths I trod,
But now my mind diseas'd is whole,
Transform'd by Thy great mercy, God !

Thy praise alone, 'tis mine to seek,
Thee only do I fear ;
Support my spirit frail and weak,
To do my mission here.

THE WRECK.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the gifted American authoress, with her husband and child, were returning from Italy in the "Elizabeth." Within sight of their native shores a fearful gale came on, and the vessel struck on Fire Island beach. No life-boat came to their rescue, but some swam to shore; Madame Ossoli, her husband and child, perished in the wreck.

Like a bird with snowy pinions,
 Came a vessel o'er the sea,
 Wafted by light and balmy gales,
 From the shores of Italy;
 Thoughts of a cherish'd father-land
 Came o'er her happy crew,
 To azure skies, and vine-clad heights
 They had bid a long adieu.

Over the broad Atlantic
 In safety had they come,
 And bounding hearts were waiting
 To greet the wanderers home;

America's fair daughters
 Were gazing o'er the main,
 For a bright and gifted sister
 They longed to meet again.

Her accents still were sounding
 Thro' the mists of years gone by,
 Her intellectual greatness
 Was stored in memory ;
 Since last as friends they parted
 New ties had round her twin'd,
 Parental and connubial love
 Shed a glory o'er her mind.

A fresh'ning breeze was swelling
 Each light and snowy sail,
 But as evening shades were deepening,
 More fiercely rose the gale !
 Yet it rock'd the child to slumber
 Upon its mother's breast,
 The ocean's rolling billows
 Ne'er broke its tranquil rest.

That mother had a spirit,
 Intrepid, bold and free,
 Yet she trembled at the fury
 Of the wild impetuous sea,

Which was driving that frail vessel
 Upon a rock-bound strand,
 But she felt a heaven above her,
 And comfort was at hand.

Not for herself she trembled
 Amid that raging strife,
 But for her sleeping treasure,
 For the partner of her life ;
 "Nor time, nor death shall sever
 Our love," she fondly cried,
 "We will go down together,
 Beneath the whelming tide."

Scarce were those accents spoken,
 When with a mighty shock,
 Tall masts and spars were riven,—
 They struck upon a rock ;
 The crew in frantic terror
 Rush'd madly to the deck,
 The fair and stately vessel
 Too truly was a wreck.

There was no friendly succour
 That hapless crew to aid,
 And death, in all its terrors,
 To their vision was arrayed ;

But some with desperation
Launch'd forth upon the wave,
In the noble, high endeavour,
Their comrades' lives to save.

Vain were those mighty efforts ;
Ere they had reach'd the shore,
The vessel, with its precious freight,
Had sunk to rise no more ;
Those faithful ones were gather'd,
Around the shatter'd mast,
One crash—and they were buried
Beneath the ocean vast.

Under the broad Atlantic,
Those loved ones calmly sleep,
Dark hurricanes with fury,
Still o'er those billows sweep,
But oft the silvery moonlight,
Sheds a lustre o'er the wave,
Gleaming with peaceful beauty,
Upon their ocean grave.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

We met—a happy group of friends,
Conversing on familiar themes,
Oft gazing on the glitt'ring strand,
Illumin'd by the moon's soft beams
Like molten silver every wave,
With gentle murmur rose and fell,
And thoughts of other days came back,
Recall'd by friendship's pow'rful spell.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When nature speaks of joy and love,
Peace o'er our happy circle reign'd,
And shone from starry worlds above;
We listen'd ever and anon,
To music's sweet enlivening chords,
And deep sensations woke within,
Which cannot be express'd in words.

It was in truth a glorious night,
No cloud obscur'd that heaven of blue,
And many a planet fair and bright,
Did its ethereal way pursue;

The ocean, like a slumbering child,
In low soft murmurings might be heard,
It was a most enchanting hour,
When feelings, trembling chords, are stirr'd.

Oh! who can gaze on such a scene,
Without deep gratitude to Him,
Who in their courses guides the stars,
Ador'd by saint and cherubim ;
Nor feel attracted to the skies,
By harmonies oft heard within,
To draw our souls by chords of love,
From this delusive world of sin.

Deep voice of nature, ever sound,
Thine echoes to my inmost soul,
'Twill kindle joy within my heart,
In sorrow 'twill my grief control ;
May beams of glory from the sky,
Brighter than moonlight o'er the sea,
In hours of shadowy darkness shine,
And lure my spirit, Lord, to Thee.

ON THE DEATH OF D. J. L.

Calmly his eyelids clos'd in death,
Fondly he bade them all farewell;
He bless'd them with his latest breath,
Then into tranquil slumber fell.

His early years rich promise gave,
Of intellect refined and clear;
But now the cold and silent grave,
Conceals the form that once was dear.

His happy spirit now has flown
To purer brighter worlds than this,
Where pain and sorrow are unknown,
Where all is true abiding bliss.

Oh! those who watch'd his dying bed,
Each word, each look, remember well;
"Weep not," the gentle suff'rer said,
"'Tis not, I feel, a last farewell!

"Ye cherish'd objects of my love,
Hereafter I shall hope to see;

Oh ! may we meet in realms above,
 Till then, dear friends, remember me."

Oh ! yes ; while memory yet remains,
 Those mourners that sweet voice will hear,
 Those words will speak, their import claims
 The sacred homage of a tear.

LINES

On visiting Bakewell Church.

The sunbeam gilds yon lofty spire,
 Which we now gaze on and admire,
 The bells with sweet harmonious chime,
 Announce the rapid flight of time,
 Like waters by soft music stirr'd,
 Those echoes clear around are heard.
 Yon Gothic windows bear the trace,
 Of ancient and of matchless grace,

Erected ere the Conqu'ror came,
 And England trembled at his name.
 Now enter we the vaulted aisle,
 Of this most venerable pile,
 Antiquity is round us here,
 How much to cherish and revere,
 And we now mark with wond'ring eyes,
 How gracefully those arches rise,
 And aisles extend on either hand,
 Our admiration to command.
 The light with soften'd lustre falls
 On oaken roof and pillar'd walls,
 That ancient Norman font remains,
 And our attention strongly claims,
 But slightly has stern time defac'd
 The carved work on its surface trac'd.
 Thro' yonder light and beauteous screen,
 What stately monuments are seen ;
 There pow'rful nobles lowly lie,
 Their forms are seen in effigy,
 Yon knight at Shrewsbury's battle fell,
 So legends of his history tell,
 Behold the valiant warrior laid,
 In panoply complete arrayed.
 And gather'd to their fathers here,
 The Vernons sleep 'neath yonder bier-

How perfect are those forms of stone,
Tho' centuries have o'er them flown,
Sculptur'd with wondrous skill and care,
Their hands uprais'd as if in prayer.
Thou beauteous relic of the past,
Long may thine ancient glories last,
Within thy walls may prayer and praise,
For centuries still loud anthems raise !

STANZAS.

Trust not in frail earthly love,
 For thy happiness below ;
 Look unto a world above,
 When the streams of anguish flow.

Follow not those lights which glitter,
 The unwary to deceive ;
 Like those which on fens may flicker,
 Then the soul in darkness leave.

Beacons false are ever beaming,
 On this tempest-shaken world ;
 And when most of safety dreaming,
 On destruction's rocks we're hurl'd.

Falsehood often is invested,
 In the garb that angels wear,
 And we find our hopes have rested,
 On a fabric light as air.

When the angry blasts of sorrow
 Sweep across thy trembling mind,

Look above—and light will follow,
Comfort in distress, thou'lt find.

Earth may seem a barren waste,
And for shelter thou may'st sigh ;
But refreshing to thy taste,
Hidden springs are ever nigh.

Let us be like pilgrims, strangers,
Passing thro' each scene below ;
There is One to shield from dangers,
One to solace every woe ;

One whose sacred promise spoken,
Will prove faithful to the end ;
Tho' all other ties be broken,
Lean on thine almighty friend.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

On the death of R. A. H who fell a sacrifice to yellow fever, on board the "Trent," in the 16th year of his age, and was buried at sea ; deservedly lamented by all who knew him.

Farewell ! farewell ! he fondly said,
 My vessel waits—again adieu !
 Her flowing sails will soon be spread,
 'Tis sad, the thought of leaving you,
 But still my heart is on the sea,
 A sailor's life I fain would brave,
 Should death arrive, content 'twill be
 To sleep beneath an ocean grave.

Upon the shining deck he stood,
 And view'd the dim receding shore,
 Before him spread the glittering flood,
 That land he ne'er might gaze on more ;
 But still his spirit waver'd not,
 He dash'd aside each starting tear,
 Which rose with thoughts of that lov'd spot,
 His childhood's home, so truly dear.

Yet when that parting sad was o'er,
 His mind regain'd its buoyant tone,
 He lov'd the mighty ocean's roar,
 He revell'd in its snow-white foam ;
 On, on the gallant vessel sped,
 Across the distant western main,
 He walk'd the deck with fearless tread,
 And thought of home and friends again.

But now they were in tropic climes,
 And coasting round those islands fair,
 Where nature's brilliant beauty shines,
 But pestilence is hovering there ;
 Oh ! spread your sails and leave the coast,
 From whence such baneful breezes blow ;
 Of youth and health ne'er vainly boast, /
 A few brief hours may lay thee low.

It is too late ! the fever dread,
 Is raging mid that gallant crew,
 Quickly the dire contagion spread,
 And, noble youth, attack'd thee too ;
 And strangers watch'd beside thy bed,
 But they were tender, faithful, kind,
 They strove to ease thy aching head,
 And give true comfort to thy mind.

“ Oh that I were at home once more,
 With my own mother dear,” he cried,
 “ Her care would soon my health restore,
 Would I could see her by my side ! ”

Alas ! too soon delirium came,
 And bade these painful thoughts expire,
 He sunk beneath the maddening flame,
 But home was his last heart's desire.

They gave him then a sailor's grave,
 A shroud amid those waves of blue,
 Tho' young, his heart was true and brave,
 And deeply mourn'd the pitying crew ;
 But louder grew those tones of grief,
 When home the fearful tidings came,
 Which seem'd almost beyond belief,
 That him they ne'er might view again.

Farewell ! beloved youth, farewell !
 Tho' short, thy life was happy here,
 Tho' o'er thee toll'd no funeral knell,
 How freely flow'd affection's tear ;
 Tho' distant is thy ocean tomb,
 Thine image will remember'd be,
 Deeply we mourn thy early doom,
 And cherish still thy memory.

THE SUNBEAM.

The bright the brilliant sunbeam !
It gilds the rosy morn,
And summons feather'd songsters
To flutter on the thorn ;
It streams into the lattice
Of many a cottage pane,
And bids the hardy peasant
Renew his toil again.

It speaks to us of moments
But seldom felt below,
When all the soul seems sunshine,
And warmest feelings glow ;
When health and joy invited
Our footsteps o'er the mead,
To pluck the dewy flowers,
Or watch the cattle feed.

The warm reviving sunbeam !
It penetrates the cell,
Of many a fetter'd captive,
His darkness to dispel ;

It wakes forgotten feelings,
Of better happier years,
And melts the harden'd spirit
To penitence and tears.

How welcome is the sunbeam
To Lapland's snowy plains,
It bids the frozen country
Throw off her icy chains;
And from their huts emerging,
What busy forms are seen,
To view the wintry landscape
Put on its robe of green.

The glorious golden sunbeam !
It pours its crimson light,
Upon the billowy ocean,
Out-dazzling the sight ;
Before that lucid splendour,
How sinks our mortal gaze,
Our great Creator's power,
Streams from those fervid rays.

THE INFLUENCE OF HARMONY.

When Jubal touch'd his heav'n directed lyre,
 And o'er it breath'd the music of his soul,
 What pure devotion did those tones inspire,
 What harmony throughout creation stole;
 Like an Æolian harp, that first receives
 Upon its silent chords the tuneful breeze.

Now echoing down some lofty pillar'd aisle,
 The deep ton'd organ with tremendous peal,
 Reverberates thro' the consecrated pile,
 Where Christian worshippers together kneel,
 And with those sounds their mingled pray'rs arise,
 Like fragrant incense wafted to the skies.

There is a harmony in every breeze,
 A soothing murmur in each passing sigh,
 As thro' the dim arcade of rustling trees,
 It stirs aloft the leafy canopy,
 'Neath which free spirits oft delight to rove,
 And list th' ærial music of the grove.

Each bird that skims along the azure sky,
 Beguiles its flight with harmonizing song,

Those notes of sweet and thrilling extacy,
To untaught melody alone belong ;
The minstrelsy that springs from joy and love,
Seems floating to us from those realms above.

There is wild music in the headlong force
Of mighty torrents, rushing o'er a bed
Of shelving rocks, that scarce impede their course,
So madly are th' impetuous waters led,
Like reckless mortals who for ever seem,
Hurried by impulse down life's turbid stream.

The melting strains of love's enchanting lays,
Have melody which every heart must own,
Thro' all our warmest sympathies it plays,
And in the faithful bosom finds a throne,
No spell on earth can more securely bind,
Than the pure harmony of two virtuous minds.

HOLYROOD PALACE—QUEEN MARY'S CHAMBER.

Dark Holyrood, a shadow rests on thee,
Reflected from the page of history ;
The great, the good, the gifted of all lands
Hither repair—Queen Mary's bed now stands
On the same spot—and murder'd Rizzio's gore
May yet be seen upon the ancient floor.
In vain stood forth the fair intrepid Queen,
Her faithful servant from his foes to screen,
Whom trait'rous nobles oft had fail'd to bribe,
From due allegiance to his sovereign's side,
Whose voice was wont to charm away the hour,
With music's soft and soul-absorbing power.
The rebel Lords now thirsted for his blood,
Clos'd round the victim, where he trembling stood,
And here he fell beneath repeated blows,
As these dark stains with fearful truth disclose.
And who had dar'd her chamber thus invade,
A sovereign's love with treachery repaid ?
'Twas he who lately promis'd to defend
His wife and monarch, even to the end ;

And Mary trembled as she heard the voice
 Of him, the cherish'd object of her choice,
 In league with traitors, 'gainst her lawful pow'r,
 It gave fresh horror to that dreadful hour.
 Dizzy and faint, to whom could she appeal ?
 Hard hearts were round her who could never feel,
 As down she sunk upon the blood stain'd floor,
 And look'd as tho' she ne'er would waken more.
 Too soon had fled that brief and blissful dream,
 When here she enter'd as a bride and Queen,
 With trusting heart, and smile serene and gay,
 Upon the evening of her marriage day ;
 But soon recovering from her deadly swoon,
 She wildly gaz'd around the darken'd room,
 And saw her guilty husband standing there,
 Who in fell murder lately had a share,
 Within her heart each tender tie seem'd riven,
 'Twas an offence, how hard to be forgiven.
 What was her beauty ? what her queenly pow'r ?
 Could it assuage the anguish of that hour ?
 A shameless ingrate did false Darnley prove,
 Unworthy of her fond and faithful love.
 Thy tow'rs stern, Holyrood, we still survey,
 But o'er thee dawns a purer, brighter day,
 In thy dark walls, like some fair radiant beam,
 There lately shone the presence of a Queen,

Whose path is lighted by domestic love,
 Whose hopes are fix'd upon a realm above,
 And peace descending on that royal breast,
 Folds her soft wings, and there delights to rest.

THOUGHTS

*On viewing my birth-place, with the adjacent
 Church of St. Mary's, Reading.*

The spot is little changed, but sadness creeps
 Around my heart, while thus I stand and gaze,
 And faithful mem'ry pauses here, and weeps
 With deep regret o'er childhood's happy days.
 My once bright home, but mine, alas ! no more,
 What recollections in my bosom swell,
 Thoughts of the past, those merry days of yore,
 Burst into life, when sounds yon deep church bell.
 'Tis like the voice of some familiar friend,
 Which oft in dreams, perchance, we may have
 heard,
 Still it invites our footsteps to attend
 The ministrations of God's holy Word.

And where is he whose hand was wont to guide
 Our infant steps towards yonder hallow'd fane,
 With all a father's tenderness and pride ?

He ne'er will tread that well-known path again ;
 Lo ! there he slumbers in that quiet grave,

To which go down all bright created things,
 O'er that white tomb the sighing branches wave,
 To that lov'd spot affection closely clings.

That dwelling stands the same to other eyes,

But passing years have cast a sombre shade,
 O'er things that made our buoyant spirits rise,
 And ev'ry tree with wondrous charms array'd.

'Tis like a casket when the gems are gone,

Which made it once a rich and costly prize ;

'Tis like a bank, whence flow'rets fresh are torn,
 Whose faded beauty on our pathway lies.

Scene of my birth, oh ! thou art still most dear,

Still to my fancy thou art hallow'd ground,
 On which may fall a fond regretful tear,

Where visions of the past are seen around.

With thoughtful gaze does mem'ry love to trace,

Paths where I roam'd with heart serene and gay,
 Remembrance blends with each familiar place,

Where hours pass'd lightly as the breeze of May.
 Thrice happy hours ! ye leave a shining track
 On which a shade of sadness never fell,

Life's sorrows vanish as I wander back,
And thoughts arise like ocean's billowy swell;
Thoughts of deep gratitude to one no more,
From whose sound wisdom wond'rous truths I
heard,
Which wak'd devotion never felt before,
A holy flame in my young bosom stirr'd;
Oh! never may that sacred fire decay,
Lighted and tended by a father's love,
Ne'er may the world, and things that pass away,
Obscure the glory of a home above.

SONG.

Oh ! twine an ivy wreath for me,
It fades not like frail summer flow'rs,
'Tis lasting as sincerity,
Which brightly gleams in adverse hours.

Round yonder ruin'd tower it clung,
Those crumbling fragments to sustain,
Its glitt'ring leaves, like hope, were flung,
'Mid storm and sunshine still the same.

Oh ! twine an ivy wreath for me,
Emblem of friendship's lasting power,
Still faithful tho' adversity
With threat'ning aspect seems to lower.

And when the angry storm comes on,
When floods descend and lightnings gleam,
Thy verdant branches firm and strong
Unscath'd and beautiful are seen.

Then twine an ivy wreath for me,
For summer roses fade and die ;

But these bright leaves must ever be
An emblem of eternity.

Around my heart may friendship cling,
When clouds obscure my earthly way ;
Tho' sorrow dark decay may bring
To drooping hope, be that my stay.

THE PARTING OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVII.

A mother watch'd beside her sleeping child,
Uneasy were his slumbers, and a flush
Gleam'd on those fair young cheeks,—like mountain snow

Shone his pure forehead, over which there hung
In rich profusion waves of golden hair,
His royal mother's pride,—array'd in weeds
Of widowhood was she, in a lone prison,
And the night was dark—but darker mem'ries,
Fill'd her troubled soul—again those eyes
O'erflowed with anguish ; lately had been rent

The tie which bound her closest to this earth ;
 By cruelty 'twas sever'd—savage hands
 E'en then were reeking with a monarch's blood.
 She heard the rolling drums announce his doom,
 And her heart died within her—from the crowd
 Came fiendish cries proclaiming all was o'er ;
 She stood transfix'd, as by a mortal blow,
 And from her stony eyelids came
 No drops of anguish—it was grief
 Too deep for tears ; but now they fell
 In copious torrents o'er her sleeping son.
 The shades of night were round them—hour of
 peace

To some, to her of horror—for stern memory drew,
 A startling picture of her vanish'd joy,
 When gay Versailles was lighted up
 With kingly splendour—and her brow
 Shone with true happiness, that brilliant gem
 That gives more lustre than a monarch's crown.
 Then, in mute homage, crowding nobles knelt
 Unto a fair young Queen. Those days were fled,—
 Those hopes were quench'd in blood !
 Short were her musings—for a band
 Of ruffian men broke through that prison room,
 With eager haste demanding at her hands
 That fair young child. Startled from slumber

Round her neck he clung ; she for a moment held
 The little trembler closer to her heart,
 And smooth'd the golden clusters of his hair
 For e'en the last, last time—then was he torn
 From the warm shelter of a mother's arms,
 And on this earth she ne'er beheld him more !

THOUGHTS

*Suggested by viewing the birthplace of Crabbe,—a
 fisherman's cottage on the beach at Ald-
 borough.*

I see it now—a fisher's lonely cot,
 Standing on Aldborough's wave encircled shore,
 A poet's birthplace is that humble spot,
 There he emerged from that low sunken door,
 With no possessions, save what joy and hope
 To young and ardent natures ever bring,
 His buoyant spirit gave him strength to cope
 With ills that from dark poverty must spring,
 And faithful love the truest comfort gave
 When leaving thus his dear paternal home,

All coming sorrows he could freely brave,
 Tho' poor and friendless he was not alone;
 For there was one true sympathizing heart,
 His comforter and guide in every ill,
 Tho' from her side compell'd awhile to part,
 That true affection was his treasure still.
 Alone he wander'd thro' the city vast,
 Long vainly sought for a protecting friend,
 But after much privation found at last
 One noble mind would to his pray'r attend,
 Who kindly listen'd, as the gifted youth
 Pour'd forth his tale of trial and distress,—
 With ev'ry word there came the force of truth,
 And gen'rous Burke gave comfort and redress.
 His lays were read with most attentive care,
 For genius shone thro' poverty's attire,
 He bade the youthful poet not despair,
 But courage take, for fame's bright wreath
 aspire.
 Years pass'd away, and with them adverse days,
 Like wintry storms, had fled quickly by;
 He long'd once more on well known forms to gaze,
 How often seen by dreaming memory;
 And he return'd a grave reflecting man,
 Again he wander'd on his native shore,
 The road to fame had now indeed began,
 An honour'd name amid the great he bore.

Oh! who can tell the joy that fill'd his breast,
When there he met that maiden fond and true,
Together watch'd they ocean's billowy crest,
And gaz'd with rapture on those waves of blue ;
The time of his reward had fully come,
On that fair treasure he could gaze with pride,
Soon did the poet bear her to his home,
His early friend—his dear and cherish'd bride.

PARTING SCENES.

Oh ! there are partings every hour
Upon this changing scene,
When truth's stern voice is heard with power,
Dissolving love's young dream;
What anguish deep is felt within,
When thus compell'd to sever,
To radiant hope we vainly cling,
And trust 'tis not for ever.

And there are words, and looks, and tones,
Bright scenes where last we met,
Whose pow'r the pensive spirit owns,
And never can forget ;
Like visions of the past they come
Before the mental eye,
Again our hearts feel fresh and young,
O'er them we heave a sigh.

Beneath the dark and stormy deep,
Perchance some lov'd ones rest ;
But there are treasures which we keep,
Fast lock'd within the breast ;

The radiant smile oft wont to cheer,
 The look serene and bright,
 To mem'ry are e'en doubly dear,
 When they are quench'd in night.

'Tis painful when the loving heart,
 Can most distinctly trace,
 A change that gives the keenest smart,
 On some most cherish'd face;
 To feel that truth and constancy
 Have e'en for ever flown,
 And cutting, cold hypocrisy
 Is reigning there alone.

Alas! what changes years will bring,
 O'er those from whom we part,
 In early youth's delightful spring,
 And singleness of heart;
 Perchance religion's holy light,
 Just kindled in the mind,
 At length decays, and error's night
 Reigns there alone we find.

The sinking heart then keenly feels
 That parting was for ever,
 A sadness o'er the spirit steals,
 Alas! to leave it never;

But pray'rs of righteous souls arise
 Unto the courts of heaven,
 That light may fill those blinded eyes—
 Those sins be all forgiven.

THOUGHTS

Occasioned by reading the Memoirs of Haydon.

'Tis ended now—the sad convulsive strife,
 This struggle thro' the thorny paths of life;
 Haydon, altho' thine own rash hand perform'd the
 deed
 Of self destruction—yet our spirits bleed
 To think 'twas caus'd by disappointed hope,
 With coming ills thou couldst no longer cope,—
 Cast on the world, e'en from thy early youth,
 Soon didst thou feel its utter want of truth,
 And then thy voice was heard in accents strong,
 Declaiming loudly 'gainst invading wrong.
 How steep and rugged is the road to fame,
 And to attain it, we must e'en restrain

Indignant feelings, which will oft rebel,
 And 'gainst injustice in our bosoms swell;
 Or hosts of enemies will surely rise,
 And clouds obscure hope's clear and sunny skies.
 Let thy works speak—oh! Haydon, who can gaze
 Without emotion or the meed of praise,
 Upon dead Lazarus rising from the tomb,
 Amid the darkness of sepulchral gloom?
 The hues of life just tinge his livid face,
 Adoring wonder we distinctly trace;
 The Saviour's attitude—how firm and grand,
 We seem to hear those accents of command,
 Which rous'd the slumb'rer from his last long sleep,
 While e'en for joy those mourning sisters weep.
 This was but one of his great works of art,
 Yet Haydon perish'd of a breaking heart!
 Poets and sculptors, statesmen, were his friends,
 Whose deep regret with this slight tributes blends;
 With them he pass'd full many a social hour,
 Awhile forgot those angry storms which lower
 Too oft upon the toilsome road to fame,
 When genius finds her mighty efforts vain.
 Oft to the skies did his sad thoughts ascend,
 Imploring succour from that Heavenly Friend,
 Who mortal error views with pitying eye,
 Whose pow'r alone can human wants supply;

A gracious God oft heard the suppliant pray'r,
And chased away fell darkness and despair.
All now is over—that devoted wife
Mourns his sad exit from a world of strife;
The children dear, whom he has left behind,
Weep o'er the memory of a parent kind;
While sympathizing friendship ever throws,
A veil o'er faults which caus'd his life's dark close.

HYMN FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Lord, when darkness gathers round me,
Show the path of duty clear ;
Thou hast radiant light about Thee,
To dispel each anxious fear.

Years advance—distress and anguish
Seize upon my trembling mind,
In despair I need not languish,
Thou art still a Father kind.

Thro' the world I fain would wander,
Led by Thy protecting hand ;
On Thy love delight to ponder,
Till I reach that " better land."

Sore afflictions are most needed,
To attract our thoughts above ;
Grant they ne'er may pass unheeded,
They are only sent in love.

When oppress'd with mortal blindness,
Dwelling on the things of time,

Trials then are sent in kindness,
Then I feel Thy hand Divine.

Many a lovely flow'r I gather
On the thorny path of life ;
Guide me onward, oh ! my Father,
Thro' each scene of toil and strife.

Thou alone, my God, can'st strengthen,
And my fainting soul renew ;
When the shades of sorrow lengthen,
Shed o'er me thy heavenly dew.

Lead me on thro' toil and danger,
If that way thou deemest best,
For a pilgrim and a stranger
To attain eternal rest !

SONG.

Did we oft quaff the sweetness of pleasure's deep
bowl,

Impatient our chalice with bright drops to fill,
'Twould weaken our judgment, bring langour of soul,
Tho' it may seem a solace in every ill.

But no—'tis a poison that lulls us to sleep,

We wake from our slumbers to silence and gloom,
Dark and void seems the earth, and we hopelessly
weep,

For joy seems confin'd in a cold dreary tomb.

There is health in the stream from the mountain
side flowing,

Which borrows no fatal delusions from art ;
There's a scent in the breeze o'er wild roses blowing,
Which would fain scatter incense round ev'ry heart.

Oh ! false is the glitter of vain mortals' splendour,

When festival reigns in some rich lighted hall,
Can it vie with that radiance so brilliant and tender,
When o'er the calm landscape soft moonbeams
will fall ?

Shall we give to an image without life or motion,
The homage that's due to our Father and Friend ?
Oh ! who can attend to the grand voice of ocean,
And not feel his spirit devoutly ascend.

Like the heathens of old are mortals whose blindness
Confines their false vision to this narrow sphere,
Nor trace thro' creation the great loving-kindness,
Of the Being whose blessing brings happiness here.



THE LAST HOURS OF MONTROSE, BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Like an eagle chain'd to a sullen rock,
 The brave Montrose did lie ;
 He had fought for his king—was condemn'd to the
 block,
 For his zeal and fidelity.

With martial strains he summon'd around
 Each clansman bold and free,
 And forth they sprung, like the deer with a bound,
 Round his standard of liberty.

On, on they pour'd from their Highland home,
 To encounter the deadly foe ;
 But alas ! their hopes were too soon o'erthrown,
 The brave in the dust laid low.

Their chief immur'd in a prison lone,
 Felt his broad chest heave and swell ;
 For Cromwell sat on fair England's throne,—
 'Gainst that did his soul rebel.

The setting sun shed a transient gleam,
Thro' that prison lone and drear ;
The chief comb'd his hair by that friendly gleam
That he wore as a cavalier.

“This is vanity,” said the Puritan foe,
“That head will be sever'd ere noon,
On the Tolbooth's gates those locks will flow,—
Prepare to meet thy doom !”

“Prepar'd I am,” said the brave Montrose,
“For life I have no desire,
But I'd rather meet death 'mid the ranks of foes,
Amid charging hosts expire.”

“My head is my own this day,” he cried,
“Its thoughts are unfetter'd, free—
If doom'd on these prison gates to abide,
It will prove my loyalty.”

He spoke with a flashing cheek and eye,
Gaz'd around—but the foe was gone ;
Then devoutly kneel'd—prepar'd to die,
And watch for his last day's dawn.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

How sweet was the time when I wander'd enchanted,
To catch the first radiance of morning's bright
beam ;

How fair look'd the flow'rs my hand fondly planted,
All sparkling with dewdrops, as diamonds gleam ;
How soft was the breath of the fresh summer
morning

Exhaling new perfumes with every sigh,
How perfect the beauty of nature's adorning,
When no tears of sorrow dim youth's beaming eye.

I remember the time when at noon's glowing hour,
I wander'd with one unforgotten and dear,
When the fresh verdant woodlands form'd a fairy
bower,

While I listen'd to words it was music to hear ;
My heart was as light as the birds that were singing
Their carols of love on each quivering spray,
And thought was as free as the feather'd tribes
winging

Their rapturous flight unto realms far away.

Oh ! sweet was the hour when evening was closing,
Her shades round the village and ancient grey
tower,

When nature look'd weary and gently reposing,
While shut were the petals of many a flower.

'Twas an hour of rapture, when words warm and
tender

Were whisper'd by lips that I fondly believ'd,
And at such happy moments could scarcely re-
member,

They might be but flatteries meant to deceive.

VERSES

Addressed to a Sister.

Speak not thus sadly, dearest one,
Nor let thy spirit grieve,
A garland of unfading hopes
For thee I fain would wreathe ;
Shelter'd from sorrow's angry blasts,
Which make this world of ours,
Too oft a barren wilderness,
And wither all its flowers.

Oh ! chase away this dark despair,
And every trace of sorrow,
Believe a brighter day will shine
Upon thy path to-morrow ;
That flow'rs of love and happiness
Will cheer thy heart once more,
With leaves how bright and beautiful !
More lasting than before.

Speak not thus sadly, dearest one,
Say not thy hopes are dead !

Look on creation's lovely face,
 On blessings round thee spread;
 Survey thy grief as some dark cloud,
 Passing from earth away,
 And turn thy languid, tearful gaze
 To beams of opening day.

Oh! dwell not thus on vanish'd things,
 Let such dark mem'ries fade,
 What once was precious now must be
 For ever wrapp'd in shade;
 Oh! cast away the poison'd cup,
 No sweetness lingers there,
 Seek healing waters, which alone
 Can chase away despair.

Speak not thus sadly, dearest one,
 Think of the ties that bind,
 Thy spirit to this changing world
 And comfort from them find;
 Oh! envy not the dead their sleep,
 With us remain awhile,
 Let peace upon thy bosom rest,
 And cheer us with thy smile!

ON THE TRUE NATURE OF
HAPPINESS.

Oft in childhood's sunny hours,
I have watch'd the butterfly,
Flitting amid dewy flowers,
And admir'd its brilliant dye ;
Then I vainly sought to prison
In my hand the lovely prize,
But beheld its beauties risen
Towards the clear and azure skies.
Sometimes in a leafy bower,
Conning o'er some fav'rite rhyme,
Shelter'd from noon's glowing power,
Oh ! how swiftly fled the time ;
Then the truant has alighted,
Its soft wings awhile to rest,
On its loveliness delighted,
I have gazed with pleasure's zest.
Thus it is in after years,
Happiness we oft pursue,
But with unavailing tears,
Find that it eludes us too ;

Yet in the calm sphere of duty,
 Tho' we deem it far away,
 Like that insect robed in beauty,
 Happiness with us will stay.

LINES

On viewing the monument of Admiral Rainier, erected in St. Mary's Church, Sandwich, who commanded the squadron sent to capture Banda, and the Dutch possessions in the east, which all fell into the hands of the British; he was also at the storming of Seringapatam, and for ten years Commander-in-Chief at Madras.

What martial pomp this monument displays,
 On which with reverence I delight to gaze;
 Entomb'd beneath a gallant hero lies,
 Recorded here are all his victories,
 Who bravely rescued from a foreign foe,
 Those verdant isles where spicy perfumes blow,
 Whose cannon thunder'd o'er the Indian seas,
 Whose flag of triumph wav'd in every breeze.

The British fleet to battle oft he led,
 And the thick grape-shot whistled round his head,
 When decks were streaming with brave seamen's
 gore,
 He still fought on amid the broadside's roar ;
 Tho' sorely wounded by that galling fire,
 He kept his post, and never would retire.
 In many a gallant action he has fought,
 His country's glory was his one great thought,
 He strove to add fresh laurels to her fame,
 And for his king possessions new obtain.
 His latest years were pass'd on English ground,
 A cordial welcome everywhere he found ;
 His dark eye oft with light'ning glances shone,
 As he recounted to some brilliant throng,
 His daring exploits on the eastern seas,
 Where he had brav'd "the battle and the breeze."
 Children delighted on his knee to climb,
 To hear the exploits of that glorious time ;
 His smile benign dispell'd each timid fear,
 And to the young his honour'd form was dear ;
 Tho' in the silent tomb he long has lain,
 In hearts embalm'd his memory does remain !

STANZAS

On the outbreak of the war between Russia and Turkey, and the departure of the Baltic fleet.

The trumpet of battle is blown from afar,
And nations go forth to the carnage of war,
O'er ocean's blue waves gallant navies do ride,
To meet the proud foe who has Europe defied;
The standard of Britain waves boldly and free
As the armament moves o'er the wide rolling sea.

The cannon are planted protecting our coast,
Of our strong defences may Englishmen boast,
And hosts of brave hearts on our soil may be found,
To defend with their lives our dear native ground;
Yet not on their valour alone we rely,
We look to a power who rules from on high.

But sorrow is seen on full many a face
A mother's anxiety often we trace,
For her son has gone forth to encounter the foe,
Oh! never again may she meet him below;
In high health and hope he has left his dear home,
And with his gay smile all its sunshine has flown!

The young bride is weeping that she must now part
 With him who deserves her devotion of heart ;
 A dimness comes over his clear manly eye,
 As from her sad bosom escapes a low sigh ;
 " Farewell, my best treasure," he tenderly cries,
 " May God be your safeguard," she fondly replies.

E'en now has the work of destruction begun ;
 What numbers have perish'd, the brave and the
 young !

The Cossack and Moslem with fury have met,
 On fields of red carnage the bright sun has set ;
 The meteor-like crescent has gleam'd far and wide,
 And Russia's bold squadrons has proudly defied.

Peace, peace to the heroes who gallantly fell,
 In the shrill sounding trumpet they heard their
 death knell,

It rous'd the stern spirit of vet'rans grown grey,
 And bade youthful warriors true courage display ;
 Their rights and their freedom they sought to
 maintain,

But quickly were mingled with dark heaps of slain.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY HOPES.

Some hopes are early doom'd to fade,
As spring flowers droop and die,
That blossom'd brightly in the shade
Till chilling winds swept by ;
Their leaves how fragile and how fair,
Resemble hopes of earth,
When comes the blighting touch of care,
They prove of little worth.

Things that in radiant sunlight gleam
All beautiful and bright,
Are transient as a brilliant dream,
When comes dark sorrow's night ;
But like the stars whose tranquil light,
Attracts our gaze on high,
Are heavenly hopes—their lustre bright
Shines through eternity.

All earthly hopes must soon decay,
A chilling word or tone
Dissolves the spell—they will not stay,
Our happiness has flown ;

Over our prospects bright and fair
Oft comes an adverse blast,
Then let us for such storms prepare,
Earth's pleasures cannot last.

Oft in the midnight of the mind
Do stars of hope appear,
As on a wintry night we find
Those orbs shine bright and clear ;
Earth's darkness makes their heav'nly light
Still more distinctly seen,
On them with faith we fix our sight,
And endless comfort glean.

LINES

*On reading the Memoirs of the Rev. J. Hamilton
Forsyth, Curate of Weston, who died on June
25, 1848, universally beloved and lamented.*

Oh ! none can read the record of a life
In which the light of Christ's religion shone
With such unclouded lustre—and not feel
An earnest wish to emulate such deeds
Of holy charity, of faith and love.
From early years the young disciple trod
In ways that lead to happiness and peace,
Deck'd with undying flowers, that never bloom
On earth's cold barren soil—and when at length
Death's vale appeared—faith's sunbeams shone
To light his spirit to a better world.
Truth from his lips was heard
With double force—and most persuasive pow'r,
To turn from darkness each deluded mind,
His holy life, spoke its own lesson
And proclaim'd to man, from whence
Such strength and virtue was derived,
And won fresh souls to God. Who can forget

That earnest look, that eloquent appeal,
When he stood forth ambassador for Christ,
A herald of those brighter things
To come? His voice was like a trumpet
Thrilling clear—and from his eye
Such inspiration shone, that he did seem
A messenger of God, sent down from heaven.
In all relations of domestic life
What comfort did his warm affection give;
In times of sorrow, 'twas his task to cheer
The sadden'd mind, and point
To higher worlds. Oh! happy they
Who called him friend—awhile enjoy'd
His heavenly converse, and devoted love!
And when at length his own dark day
Of trial came, it found him ready,
Patient to endure all mortal anguish
Which a Father's hand ordain'd
Should be the prelude to eternal joy.
What real mourners met around
His early grave—what pray'rs went up
To heaven, that their last end might be,
Cheer'd like his own, with true religion's ray

UNIVERSAL NATURE PRAISING GOD.

Oh, nature ! how supremely grand
Thy glorious cloud-capp'd mountains stand :
I love the mighty torrent's roar,
I hear the waves upon the shore,
Their music bids my soul rejoice,
They chant God's praise with solemn voice.

I love the crimson light of morn,
When sunbeams gild each flower and thorn,
And birds soar up on downy wing,
Their anthems of glad praise to sing,
With these my grateful thoughts arise
To Him whose glory fills the skies.

When from some wooded height I gaze,
Shelter'd from noontide's fervid blaze,
Creation's glories fill my sight
With new sensations of delight ;
The silvery stream reflects below,
Light azure clouds that come and go.

What tints with nature's hues can vie ?
What music like her melody ?

The busy hum of murmuring bees,
The sighing wind thro' forest trees,
With other sounds harmonious blend,
And unto heaven's high courts ascend.

The glow-worms glitt'ring on the grass,
When we at dewy evening pass,
Insects all undiscern'd by man,
Each day does their Creator scan,
Perfect is every tiny frame,
Their being does His praise proclaim.

When thunder rolls along the sky,
God's voice appears to sound on high,
The light'ning's flash, the earthquake's throes,
His might and majesty disclose,
Then humbly bow all living things
To magnify the King of kings.

ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE TALFOURD,

*Who expired suddenly on Monday, 13th of March,
1854, while addressing the court at the Staf-
ford Assizes.*

There was a court of justice—and the judge
Upon his high tribunal sat—on his clear brow
Shone intellectual greatness, temper'd o'er
With Christian truth—and God-like mercy too
Illum'd his features, yet his voice was firm
As he began that council to address.
All then were mute within that spacious hall
Wrapt in deep attention—charm'd each ear
With copious eloquence, which like a flood
Swept all before it, and conviction came
Like opening dawn upon each doubting mind.
In the true scales of justice all his words
Were duly weigh'd—and every accent show'd
Fervent compassion for frail erring man.
Wherefore that sudden pause? The speaker now
Seems stricken down as by a fatal blow.
All quickly gather round, with trembling haste
They raise his form—it wears the hue of death!
That stroke how unexpected—but his life

With Christian deeds had made
Due preparation for that sudden end,
The faithful servant at his post was found
Girded with sacred armour—which was proof
'Gainst crafty wiles of Satan and the world,
And he was ready when the Lord of life
Burst the frail cord that kept his spirit here.
A great soul now hath left us—may its light
Shine in the depths of every darken'd mind
And lure to noble deeds—and tho' his tongue
Is mute for ever in the cause of truth
Still to the world will his example speak.

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

Thou art reigning o'er creation
 With a mild and gentle sway,
 Fair spring, thou scatterest perfumes,
 Along thy flowery way ;
 The birds from ev'ry wood and brake
 Thy joyous presence hail,
 Thou deckest with bright sunbeams
 Each sweet sequester'd vale.

Thou art reigning o'er the streamlet,
 Which murmurs as it flows,
 No longer dark and swollen
 From winter's melting snöws ;
 Like some bright polish'd mirror,
 On that surface clear is seen,
 All lovely hues reflected
 From nature's robe of green.

Thou art reigning over happy hearts
 That yet have known no sorrow,
 They feel thy sunshine and go forth
 Bright rosy smiles to borrow ;

E'en like celestial harmonies
Does thought with nature blend,
And like the lark which soars above,
To heaven does praise ascend.

Thou art reigning o'er creation
With budding beauties crown'd,
Fair queen, thy radiant glory
Is seen on all around ;
The dewy meads are sparkling
With flowers of golden sheen,
While the meek and starlike daisy
Peeps forth with snow white gleam.

Thou reignest o'er the ocean,
Thy whispers on the shore
Have calm'd its rolling billows,
Which now no longer roar ;
But gentle as soft music,
They break along the strand,
And own that thou, fair monarch,
Reign'st over sea and land !

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL
INFANT.

Thou'rt taken from us, lovely child,
What grief comes o'er us while surveying
The face that once so brightly smil'd,
Like sunbeams o'er the landscape playing !

Thy brow like sculptur'd marble seems,
Thine eye is clos'd in death's long sleep,
No more on us it softly gleams,
Nought can disturb those slumbers deep.

Thou'rt taken from us, lovely child,
Cut down like some frail beauteous flower,
Thine infant mirth has oft beguil'd,
Our hearts through many a fleeting hour.

And art thou gone ? Yes, death's cold finger,
Upon thy forehead fair we trace,
Over our treasure lost we linger,
And fain would each dark sign efface.

It must not be—the rosy bloom,
Of infancy so soft and fair,
Has faded—to the silent tomb,
Our cherish'd one we soon must bear.

Yet while in the cold grave thou'rt sleeping,
Thy seraph form we oft shall see,
'Twill check the bitter tide of weeping,
To think that we shall go to thee!

ON FREEDOM.

The pulses of true freedom
Beat high in every breast,
Without it our existence
Would lose its keenest zest ;
None would regard with envy
The monarch's gilded state,
Could they view those secret fetters
That oft oppress the great.

A cottage is a palace
With freedom from all care,
While round the hardy peasant's brow
Plays the fresh mountain air ;
It gives his mind its energy,
His nerves are firm and strong,
He proves the bravest champion
Against invading wrong.

Some in exalted stations
Would willingly exchange,
Their lot of anxious labour,
For one where they might range,

Over each realm of beauty,
Over the rolling sea,
And thus awhile enjoy the sweets
Of peace and liberty.

Oh ! none whom God has gifted
With nobility of soul,
Would bind their fellow creatures
In absolute control ;
Where dwells the curse of slavery,
It is the work of sin,
Proceeding from that evil one,
Who triumph seeks to win.

The free awaken'd conscience
In each enlighten'd mind,
Resists all human fetters,
In abject chains to bind
Those nobler aspirations
Which bow to God alone,
Nor will it see His sovereignty
By erring man o'erthrown.

CARISBROKE CASTLE,

In which King Charles I. was for some time confined as a prisoner; the window is still shown from which he attempted his escape. Here also his daughter Elizabeth died in captivity.

Thy towers, stern Carisbroke, are dimly seen,
 Thro' clustering foliage of bright emerald green,
 No heart that yields to gentle pity's sway,
 Can gaze unmov'd upon these ruins grey,
 For here, a captive, royal Charles was led,
 The crown by traitors wrested from his head;
 And here, his weary days pass'd slowly by,
 Unheard, unheeded, was each bitter sigh,
 Save by the ears of unrelenting foes,
 Who triumph'd in his solitary woes.
 In yonder walls did the sad captive learn,
 Lessons of patience, and could then discern,
 Through all his trials a kind Father's hand,
 Leading him onward towards a better land.
 Yet how his spirit did at first rebel
 Against captivity, those bars can tell,
 Broken asunder on that fearful night,
 When from yon window he attempted flight;

That daring effort, futile and most vain,
More firmly rivetted that galling chain.
That chamber dark, where once he knelt and pray'd,
With wreaths of mantling ivy is array'd,
And o'er our senses steals a sombre gloom,
It speaks too plainly of the silent tomb.
Yet truth proclaims his spirit pure has flown,
To brighter realms, where sorrow is unknown,
And still remember'd in a nation's pray'rs,
The martyr'd king his people's love now shares.
Oh! it was well that death had clos'd his eyes,
Ere his lov'd daughter fell a sacrifice,
To cold neglect and premature decay,
In these dark walls wore her young life away,
Alone and friendless here was doom'd to die,
With none to soothe her last expiring sigh.
Oh! who could look on innocence like thine,
And yet exhibit no repenting sign,
E'en like a flow'r she perish'd in her bloom,
And I have gaz'd upon that silent tomb,
And marvell'd much that human hearts could be,
So full of fiendish, dark malignity.

MY LYRE.

When all around looks dark and drear,
And perish'd seems each fond desire,
I check the swiftly rising tear,
And turn to thee, my cherish'd lyre ;
Deep thoughts of sadness then I breathe,
Over thy sweet harmonious strings,
And comfort does my soul receive,
It upward soars on angels' wings.

When sickness racks this weary frame,
And gentle slumber from me flies,
Again I wake the tuneful strain,
And listen to sweet melodies ;
Sometimes to distant lands unknown,
Does fancy waft me o'er the sea,
Then oft I view my childhood's home,
And revel there in mirth and glee.

Should earth like some broad desert seem,
Of hope and happiness bereft,
I'll welcome each poetic dream,
My cherish'd lyre still is left ;

And when in death's cold arms I lie,
 May echoes of those chords remain,
To soothe the pensive mourner's sigh,
 Then will they not be breath'd in vain.

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